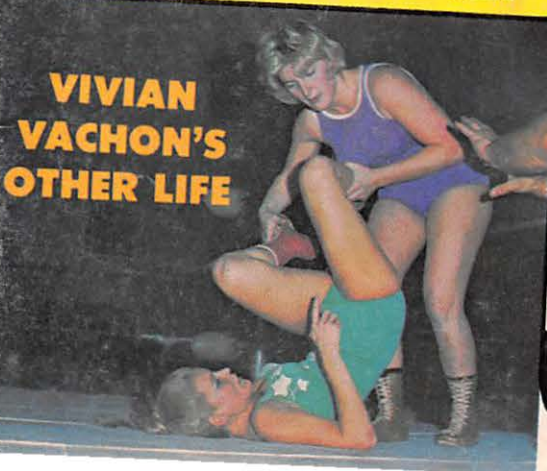


Wrestler



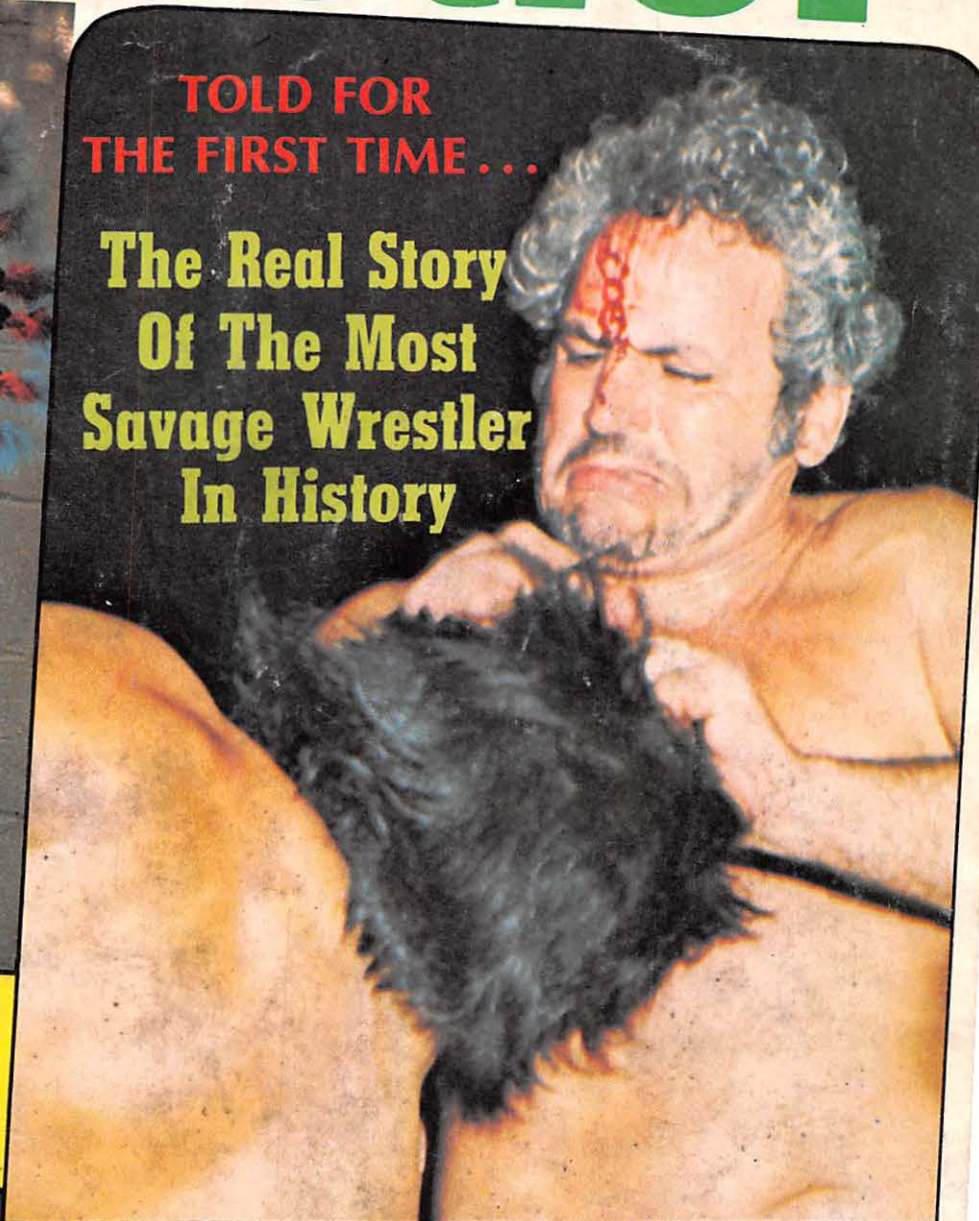
Revealed for the first time:
**THE REAL STORY
BEHIND THE
INDIAN WAR DANCE!**



**VIVIAN
VACHON'S
OTHER LIFE**

**TOLD FOR
THE FIRST TIME...**

**The Real Story
Of The Most
Savage Wrestler
In History**



THIS IS YOUR LIFE
THE SHEIK

JOE WEIDER
PRESENTS

THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!



MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE
IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms... more muscles on your chest... broader shoulders... wider back... a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER Now, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



FREE!

Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

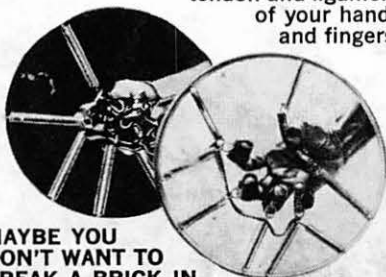


PRICED AT ONLY
\$9.98
WITH COURSE



2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer, Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.98 postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—IN 30 DAYS—or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! FEAR NO MAN!



FREE

My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER Now!

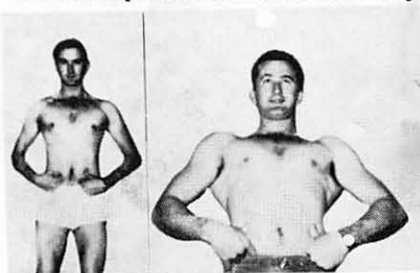


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\$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7** Plan puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7** Plan does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of Crash-Weight Formula #7
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE

Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98
(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)



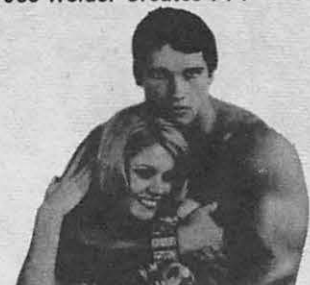
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BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are Your responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4

Joe Weider Creates . . .



the STRONG ARM METHOD

with these New

"HELL BENT for LEATHER N' LEAD" BRACELETS—

They Turn Your Arm Power On!

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM?

Snap on these electrifyingly New "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" Strong Arm Bracelets—and instantly your arms will start getting bigger and "oozing" 100% more power—almost without effort! Your body will take on the appearance of ferocious strength . . . striking fear and terror into anyone who would even think of attacking you!

NO EXERCISE — NO SWEAT — TO CREATE ARM POWER

There are no special exercises to do. You simply wear these unique weighted bracelets everywhere you go . . . at work or play, and even when relaxing! They instantly begin packing muscle on your arms as you perform the simplest arm movement; raising and lowering your hands, swinging them back and forth as you walk or run, play tennis, golf, etc. They build rugged, ferocious arm power for every sport . . . yes, including Karate!

SHE'LL LOVE THE LOOK OF YOUR ARM POWER!

Your manhood and virility will quickly COME ALIVE to women! They'll instantly sense your sex appeal and want to be in your arms.

THEY SPELL OUT 'POWER' — & ARE 'MOD'-STYLED

Expertly crafted from genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—these bracelets are the latest in mod fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles. You come alive with muscle and sex appeal—ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Come on, Tiger—give these Strong Arm "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" bracelets a try for 10 days—entirely at our risk. If you don't turn on the Arm Power fast, you can return them for a full refund. Fair? START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!



ONLY **\$7.95** for one
Or, Get 2 (1 for each wrist)
FOR ONLY **\$14.95**

Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

5 Slim Down & Make Out

with **JOE WEIDER'S SLIM-GARD**
THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", SLIM GARD and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" SLIM GARD can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! Here's Proof: In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3 1/4 inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—IN ONLY 2 WEEKS! They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes, SLIM GARD has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise without effort. It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . SLIM GARD's secret is its gentle but firm "hugging" action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the "Slimmer's Routine" work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!



INSTANTLY LOOK SLIMMER

LOSE UP TO 3.25 INCHES IN 14 DAYS!
Go Ahead . . . Start Moving Your Belt Back A Few Notches, Instantly . . . And Keep It There.

THE SLIM GARD
(Made to Last for Years)
with The Slimmer's Routine

\$11.95

Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

USE THIS SHAPE UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



JOE WEIDER

25 Maple Street
Norwood, N.J. 07648
Dept. 209-62P6

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or money order for: \$

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

- 1 ☐ "007" TWISTER, Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **\$9.98**
- 2 ☐ KILLER KARATE KRUSHER & Free "Killer Karate" course only **\$9.98**
- 3 ☐ CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):
☐ 7-Day Supply only **\$ 8.00**
☐ 14-Day Supply only **\$14.98**
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate
☐ Vanilla
- 4 ☐ "HELL BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD BRACELETS"
One Bracelet only **\$ 7.95**
Get Two For only **\$14.95**
- 5 ☐ SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" only **\$11.95**
Check waist size: ☐ Medium (30-38)
☐ Large (39-47)

Wrestler

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Mr. Universe
Frank
Richard
says...



'I NEED 250
SKINNY
GUYS!'

muscles in only 35 days!

TENSILE CONTRACTION®
Medically approved by doctors,
hospitals and clinics
throughout the U.S.

'I can't describe how much
this course has done for me.
All I can say is thank you.'
—Willy Frank, R.R. #3,
Vernon, B.C.

'I was very impressed on
how my weight increased
so rapidly and how my arms
and thighs expanded.'
—Colin O'hara,
2203 Southwest Rd.,
La Porte, Indiana

'Your course is fantastic. My
arms are thickening and get-
ting harder after every ses-
sion.'
—Robert Tremblay,
Wawa, Ontario

'Your course has not only
made me look, but feel
100% better. Thanks.'
—Ted Catling, Box 223,
Shellbrook, Sask.

FRANK RICHARD

WANTED

Yes, I need 250 skinny guys RIGHT NOW to test my fantastic New Body Building Secret — TENSILE CONTRACTION® by mail. All I need from you is a few short minutes a day of your time (in the privacy of your home) following my secret method — BUT, I ONLY WANT YOU IF YOU ARE UNDERWEIGHT, WEAK OR FLABBY. If you have a trim, masculine, well built, sexy body at this moment, then please, DO NOT SEND FOR TENSILE CONTRACTION®. I want these new secrets to go ONLY to those guys WHO NEED SENSATIONAL PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT... Instantly! In short, the more out of shape you are RIGHT NOW the better I like it. Whether you are tall or short, young or not so young, here's your chance to take me up on this unique offer today — NOW by testing this super muscle building method... NO APPARATUS TO BUY. There is absolutely no apparatus or exercise contraptions to buy. I supply all that is necessary. The complete course involves only a few minutes a day for just 35 days. You will notice DEFINITE RESULTS in only 14 days! Nor do you have to complete the whole course. If after only a few days you feel you have 'muscle-up' enough then simply quit the course. You are under NO obligation whatsoever! HERE'S WHAT TENSILE CONTRACTION® DID FOR ME... I added 2 full inches of solid muscle to my arms, 4 inches of my chest, broadened my shoulders fantastically and transformed my whole physical appearance in just five short weeks... and I want to prove it can be done by anyone who wants impressive rippling muscles that burst with vitality, fitness and lifetime strength! TENSILE CONTRACTION® reveals the amazing shortcut to a weightlifters physique without weights... without barbells... and without exhausting exercise. Results are guaranteed many times faster. So far, I have tested TENSILE CONTRACTION® on 200 high school students and 150 laborers. THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN

LITTLE SHORT OF MIRACULOUS. Thin, skinny pupils have gained 10-20, even 30 lbs. of sexy, rippling muscle, while those flabby and overweight have quickly lost every last ounce of flab from their waists, hips and entire bodies. Instantly! Yes, I'm asking you to witness a muscle building miracle ON YOUR OWN BODY. Turn on with fabulous TENSILE CONTRACTION® and slap solid muscle on your arms, chest, shoulders and legs. FAST! Change your weakness into devastating, fearless strength and turn unwanted flab into trim "Mr. Universe" muscle. You have nothing to lose but your skinny body... Send TODAY FOR THIS UNIQUE OFFER JUST 25¢ COIN.

THE BODYBUILDING CENTER Dept. 11817
P.O. Box 146 Brampton, Ont., Canada

Dear Frank
I enclose 25¢ coin. Count me in on your "Mr. Universe in 35 days" Musclebuilding Secrets. I understand that I am under no obligation and that I may quit TENSILE CONTRACTION® at any time without having to return the course.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
(please print clearly)

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- 1-PEDRO MORALES
- 2-BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3-KING CURTIS
- 4-PAMPERO FIRPO
- 5-PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 6-CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 7-SONNY KING
- 8-ERNIE LADD
- 9-BARON SICLUNA
- 10-GORILLA MONSOON

AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-VERNE GAGNE
- 2-BILLY ROBINSON
- 3-IVAN KOLOFF
- 4-THE BRUISER
- 5-BARON VON RASCHKE
- 6-KUSATSU
- 7-NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 8-RED BASTIEN
- 9-THE CRUSHER
- 10-RAY STEVENS

MIDGETS

- 1-LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 2-SKY LOW LOW
- 3-FRENCHY LAMONT
- 4-FARMER JEROME
- 5-LITTLE BRUISER
- 6-MIGHTY BRUTUS
- 7-SONNY BOY HAYES
- 8-JOEY RUSSELL
- 9-MIGHTY ATOM
- 10-LITTLE BEAVER



RED BASTIEN



BOBBY SHANE

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-DORY FUNK JR.
- 2-JACK BRISCO
- 3-MIL MASCARAS
- 4-BOBO BRAZIL
- 5-THE SHEIK
- 6-BOBBY SHANE
- 7-KILLER KOWALSKI
- 8-JOHN TOLOS
- 9-WAHOO MCDANIEL
- 10-WALDO VON ERIC

TAG TEAMS

- 1-THE KANGAROOS
- 2-KING CURTIS & BARON SICLUNA
- 3-THE ASSASSINS
- 4-BLACKJACK MULLIGAN & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 5-GOLIATH & KENJI SHIBUYA
- 6-NICK BOCKWINKLE & RAY STEVENS
- 7-CRUSHER & RED BASTIEN
- 8-THE AUSTRALIANS
- 9-BRUTE BERNARD & THE MISSOURI MAULER
- 10-PEPPER GOMEZ & ROCKY JOHNSON

WOMEN

- 1-FABULOUS MOOLAH
- 2-VIVIAN VACHON
- 3-VICKI WILLIAMS
- 4-TONI ROSE
- 5-BARBARA NICHOLS
- 6-DONNA CHRISTENELLO
- 7-WHITE VENUS
- 8-BETTY NICCOLI
- 9-ANN CASEY
- 10-SANDY PARKER



DONNA CHRISTENELLO



PEDRO MORALES



An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

©1969 Comate Corporation
21 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D.M.H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D.W.G., c/o FPO, N.Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F.J.K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G.E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R.H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H.J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 26429
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is \$1 deposit. I will pay postman \$9 plus about \$1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the \$1.50 by enclosing \$10.

Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add \$1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

IN A SURPRISE move John Tolos has settled out of court with Fred Blassie for a sum of \$53,000 for an eye injury caused by Tolos that rendered Fred partially blind in his left eye.

"I was wrong in what I did," Tolos explained. "My temper got the best of me. It hasn't been easy living with the fact that I nearly blinded a man for life. So I've had my lawyer settle with Fred."

"I can't believe it," Blassie shouted upon hearing what Tolos had said. "I guess Tolos finally realized that there's a lot of trash in wrestling that needs to be cleaned up. You know, Tolos is alright! I hear he's even started wrestling clean!"

Duke Keomuka has announced he's trying to close a deal that would make him the manager of giant Shoehi Baba.

"Baba is a great wrestler," Duke said on a recent TV interview. "With me to guide his every move, we'll win the world's championship without much trouble."

National Wrestling Alliance World Champion Dory Funk Jr. was pinned on Florida television recently! You read it right! Dory was teamed with the Professional and they were wrestling Johnny Walker and Tim Woods. With the match at one fall each, Woods squared off against Dory. Well, Tim clamped on a three-quarter nelson and rolled over—Dory going with him—shoulders to the mat. The referee counted and Dory couldn't raise either shoulder! He was pinned! Everyone was stunned—including Woods. Dory had never been pinned on TV.

"He was lucky," Funk told reporters after the match. "I've been champion for almost three years and this was the first time I was



Killer Kowalski (above) is taking credit for fracturing Freddie Blassie's knee, but insiders say it was really Pedro Morales who was responsible. Remember this famous photo (left) of John Tolos throwing powder into Blassie's eyes? Tolos wound up giving Fred \$53,000 in an out-of-court legal settlement. John also apologized.



ever pinned on TV. Big deal. I get pinned off TV every so often but I always come back to win the match. Brisco'll tell you that."

Now Tim is bucking for a single match with the champ. Woods is confident that he'll be the next champion.

Killer Kowalski is still bragging that he fractured Fred Blassie's

knee. But Pedro Morales insists he's the one who did it just a few days before Fred returned to California.

"Morales is full of it!" Kowalski screamed. "All the fans around the world saw me break Blassie's leg on TV from the Olympic Auditorium. What proof does Morales have! There were only eight or nine people who came to see him wrestle Blassie anyhow."

Replying to Kowalski's accusation, Pedro said "I don't want credit for breaking someone's leg. But Kowalski is lying and I think the truth should be known. Kowalski got hold of Blassie a few days after I damaged Fred's leg. Kowalski just aggravated the injury. I caused it."

(Continued on page 58)

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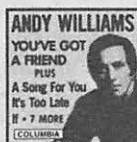
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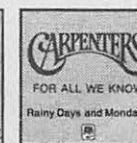
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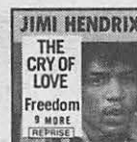
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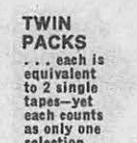
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NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

PENNSYLVANIA REPORT By Bruce Block

PITTSBURGH'S CIVIC ARENA was the site of the brutal battle between Bruno Sammartino and Stan "Crusher" Stasiak. Stasiak vowed, "Sammartino's career will end tonight. I'll destroy him!" And destroy Bruno was exactly what Stan did!

The match started out with tests of strength—each gaining the advantage several times. Next, Bruno began overpowering Stasiak with headlocks, armdrags and leglocks. Stasiak began running towards the ropes each time Bruno had him in trouble. Finally, Stasiak became so frustrated, he ran out of the ring and headed for the dressing room.

Here's where Bruno made his big mistake. The former champion chased after Stasiak and a slugfest broke out on the arena floor! Stasiak grabbed a chair and slugged Bruno on the head with it six booming times—knocking him out! While all this was going on the referee was counting. And the count was nearing 20. Stasiak dropped the chair—returned to ring—and Bruno was still out cold. "Twenty," the referee counted. Stasiak was in the ring and Bruno wasn't. The match was awarded to Stasiak! This was Bruno's first loss since losing the W.W.W.F. title to Ivan Koloff in New York in January, 1971.

The undercard witnessed Waldo Von Erich and Blackjack Mulligan being disqualified in their bout with Gito Mongol and Johnny DeFazio... Dom DeNucci and Angelo Mosca upset Luke Graham and Baron Sicluna... Gene Dubois stopped Johnny Furr... The Hangman wrestled to a draw with Jimmy Valiant... John L. Sullivan scored over Frank Durso.

CAROLINA MAT NEWS By Ronnie Russell

Fans at the Hendersonville National

Guard Armory in North Carolina were absolutely stunned when popular Haystack Muldoon changed his style and changed his name to Jack the Ripper. Even more stunned was Muldoon's opponent, Dale Starr. Dale had expected Muldoon to give him a clean match. However, even with Muldoon's change, Starr was able to hold him to a 20-minute draw.

"I can't understand it," Starr commented. "I can't believe that Haystack would make such a disastrous change of face. Everybody loved him just the way he was." Muldoon refused to comment on the situation.



Bolo #1 got himself involved in a rare "Lights Out" match against Hoss Strickland. And sure enough—Bolo had his lights turned out!

"Lights out!" That was the name of the game in the main event tangle between masked Bolo #1 and big Hoss Strickland. What is a lights out match? Well, during the deciding fall, the lights above the ring are turned out for a full two minutes. At that time

the wrestlers are allowed to do anything they want to do. Sounds wild, doesn't it!

Hoss won the first fall with a series of ring-rocking dropkicks. Bolo quickly came back and copped the second fall with the help of a pencil hidden in his mask—used for stabbing Hoss in the throat!

Now the third fall came—lights out! Just as the lights went out, Red Hunter, Bolo's friend, who was watching the match from ringside, tried to come into the ring to help his masked chum. But he was stopped by Dale Starr—Hoss' friend, who was also sitting by ringside. He rammed Hunter's head into a metal ringpost—splitting it wide open! But the lights were out now and there were four men in the ring. All you could hear was slam, bang and screams of pain. The two minutes up, the lights went on. Man, what a gory sight! Rock Hunter's clothes were ripped to pieces and there was blood all over them. The Bolo was out cold. Hoss had won the match. Bolo was too weak to continue. Both Bolo and Hunter were taken out of the ring via stretcher.

Dory Funk Jr. successfully defended his title by stopping Rip Hawk... Luke Brown and Jim Dillion were stopped by Kurt and Karl Von Steiger.

DETROIT REPORT By Roger Juniak

Seventeen wild matches highlighted a recent card at Cobo Arena. The action was topped by a clash between Pampero Firpo and big Tex McKenzie. And the result of the match was really a turnabout!

Firpo was ripping Tex apart with his teeth and nails throughout the match. Big Tex, bent on revenge, began wrestling Firpo in Firpo's own manner. And Pampero couldn't take it! Firpo screamed in pain as Tex sunk his teeth into the wild man's flesh. And Tex refused to let up even though

(Continued on page 56)

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and here's what L/CPL Angel L. Toledo of the Marines had to say, "The results were amazing. I am very grateful for the way you have changed my life."

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LETTERS

MORE A.W.A. PLEASE!

I can't understand why articles about American Wrestling Alliance wrestlers are so few that you can count them on one hand. Who gets the big feature stories? Morales, Blassie, Funk—all N.W.A. and W.W.W.F. stars. Do you know that A.W.A. champ Verne Gagne wouldn't even work up a sweat wrestling Funk. And I'm sure Verne would beat Morales. The only good wrestlers outside of A.W.A. territory are Mil Mascaras, The Destroyer and Bruno Sammartino. I'm sure all your readers will agree with me and soon you'll be forced to give the A.W.A. the red carpet treatment.

MENDON GILBERT
Brodhead, Wisconsin

WHERE'S JOHNNY?

I can't see why Johnny Powers was dropped from the N.W.A. ratings. He still holds the North American Championship. And how come Waldo Von Eric has never been in the top ten? He is one of the greatest and most feared wrestlers in the midwest. Boy, your ratings really need a going over!

RUSS SHOBE
Lakewood, Ohio

ATLANTA IS TOPS

I'd like to see more about Atlanta wrestling in *INSIDE WRESTLING* and *THE WRESTLER*. Atlanta boasts all the top wrestlers in the world—El Mongol, Bill Dromo and the Assassins. However, our wrestling would be even greater if Mil Mascaras would pay us a visit. After reading Mil's life story in the March *WRESTLER* I'm convinced he's really something else. I'd really like to meet him. Come to Atlanta, Mil!

GERALD TWEDELL
Atlanta, Georgia

NO KICKS FOR BLASSIE

In *INSIDE WRESTLING*—MARCH 1972—you had a feature about Pedro Morales vs Fred Blassie. In paragraph three of that story you stated Morales kicked Blassie several times. That's not true. What really happened is that Pedro slammed Blassie to the mat, climbed the ropes and dove a distance of about six feet—pinning him. I saw the bout from six rows back and that's the way it happened.

LAUREANA HERNANDEZ
Brooklyn, New York

SHEIK IS SICK!

I had always known that The Sheik had a slight mental problem. But when I saw him eating paper in the March issue of *THE WRESTLER* I was quickly convinced he really is nuts. I don't see how his manager, Abdullah Farouk, stays with this animal. Maybe he eats paper too!

MARK LAMMEN
Detroit, Michigan

VENUS & ORCHID—IMPOSTERS?

When I read, "War Of The Masked Girls," about the White Venus and the Black Orchid both claiming to be the first masked girl wrestlers, I found it very strange. You see, neither of them was first. There is another girl—The Spider—who has been in pro wrestling longer than Venus or Orchid. Also, The Martienne has been around for a long long time. Venus and Orchid are just masked phonies as far as I'm concerned.

WILLIAM POPE
Woodland, Virginia

COMPLIMENTS, COMPLIMENTS

I'd just like to say that you have the finest wrestling magazines I've

ever seen. I've enjoyed your recent eight-page features about Gorgeous George and Antonino Rocca. They're real collector's items. Your 1972 *WRESTLING ANNUAL* was the best ever. Also, I like the way your ratings are compiled. They are fair and complete. I'm glad you split them up into different alliances. That's the only realistic way to do it. Your photographic staff is the best in the business. Of course there are some features I don't like—amateur girls and pen pals. But I guess I'm entitled to knock those departments since I'm crazy about the rest of the magazine.

BILL WHITAKER
Los Angeles, California

OOOOHH YEAAHHH!

How could you say that Pampero Firpo is an animal? He's not. I've seen Pampero wrestle several times and he's always conducted himself as a gentleman both in and out of the ring. I suggest that Pampero be listed as #1 in every rating category—W.W.W.F., A.W.A. and N.W.A. After all he is better than Funk, Morales and Gagne—mentally and physically speaking, of course.

SETH SANDLER
East Brunswick, N.J.

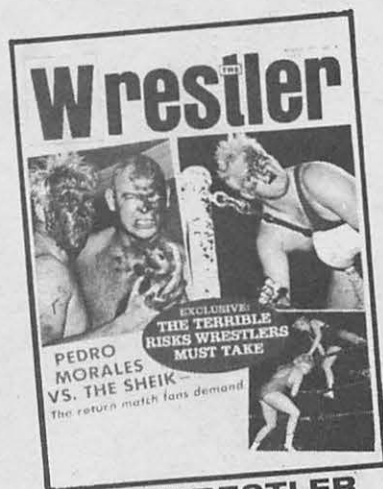
GLAD CANNON WAS CAUGHT

It's about time George Cannon was exposed for what he really is—a low down skunk! Your article, "George Cannon—You've Been Caught Red Handed," will prove to wrestling officials that Cannon does interfere in the Kangaroos' matches. He's been getting away with this too much lately and he's got to be stopped. Revoke his manager's license—that's what the wrestling officials should do to him. He doesn't deserve it!

DORIS PALMLEY
Toronto, Canada

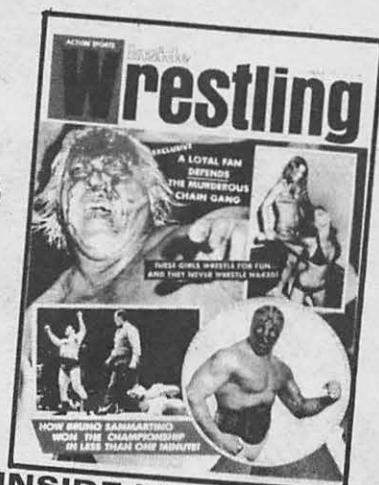
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**WHEN
PEDRO
MORALES
VOWED
TO
QUIT
WRESTLING!**

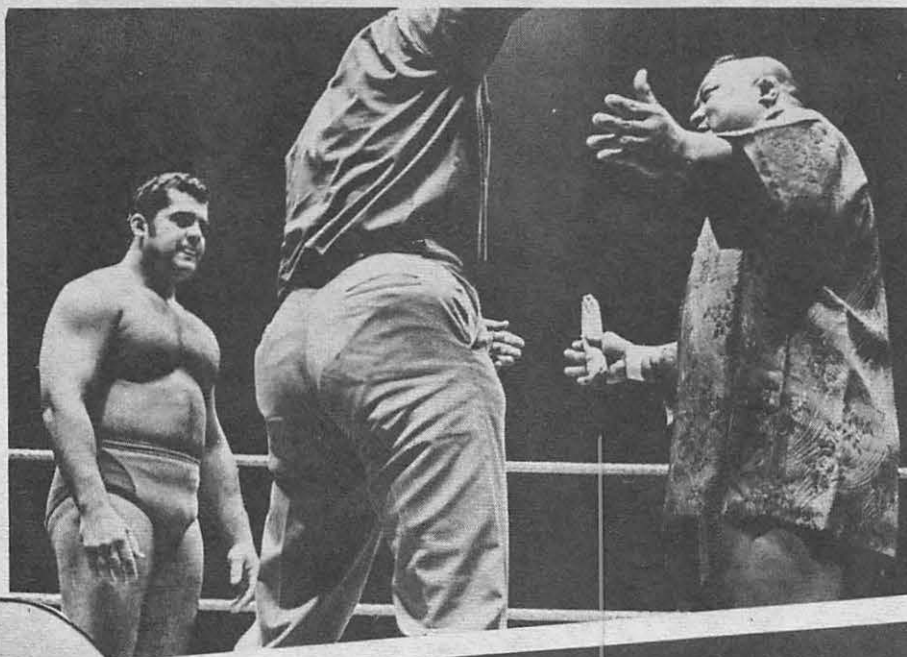


THE BRIGHTLY LIT, spacious office of Madison Square Garden wrestling promoter Vince McMahon is usually an active, animated place bustling with activity, reflecting the outgoing personality of its occupant. But this day the office seemed dreary and somber as

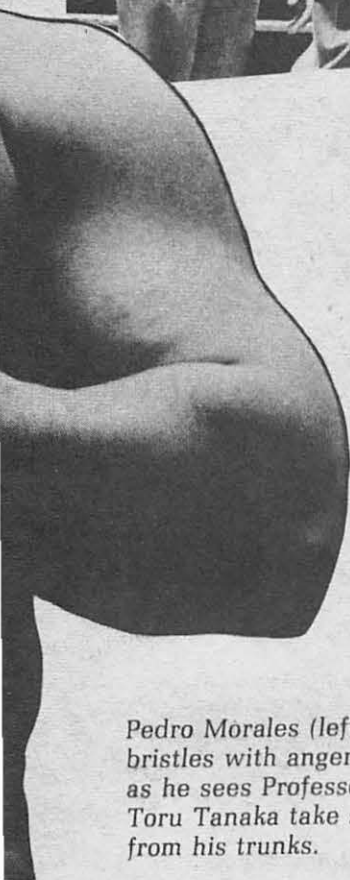
McMahon sat quietly in the soft recliner behind the oak desk. From time to time Vince shook his head from side to side, as if engrossed in figuring out a problem and discarding solutions. Something was bothering him and it cast a pall over the whole office.

Suddenly, footsteps were heard down the hall and the door to Vince's office swung open. World Wide Wrestling Federation heavyweight champion Pedro Morales walked in and it was obvious Pedro was in a buoyant mood.

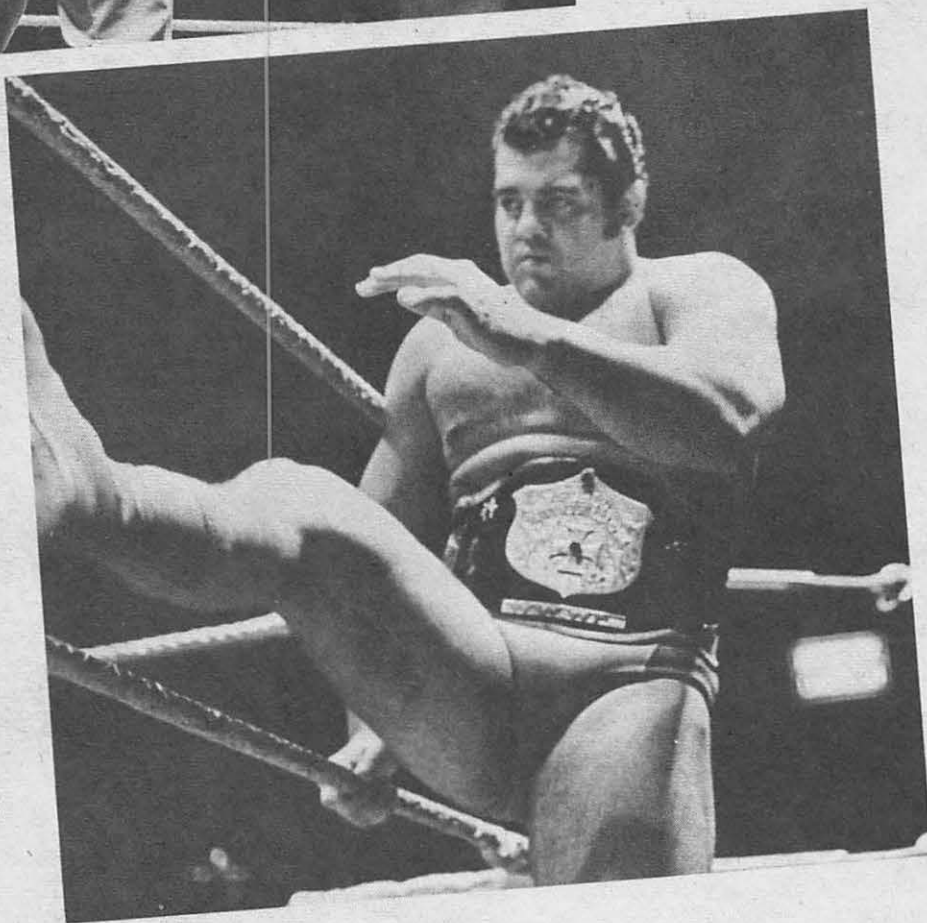
"Hiya Vince," Pedro said, shaking



Toru Tanaka (left) holds a bag of salt in his hand as he tries to convince the referee he plans to use it for ceremonial purposes only. Below: A grim-faced Pedro Morales enters the ring. "I knew when I stepped through the ropes," Pedro said, "that I might never step through them again if I lost."



Pedro Morales (left) bristles with anger as he sees Professor Toru Tanaka take salt from his trunks.



"I take a vow," said Pedro Morales, "that if Tanaka defeats me and wins my belt—I will never set foot inside a ring again!"

the worried-looking promoter's hand. "You look like your dog bit you and you found out he's got rabies. What's the matter?"

"We've got real trouble, Pedro," McMahon replied, "and you're the only one who can get us out of it."

"Me?" Pedro asked. "I don't follow

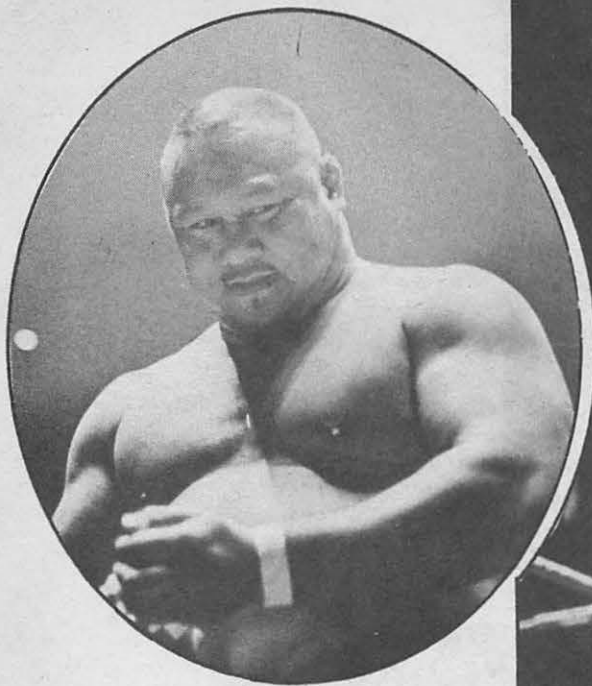
you."

"Let me explain," McMahon continued. "Professor Tanaka was in earlier this morning checking on the title match."

"So what's so bad about that?" Pedro asked.

"He told me," McMahon respond-

ed, "that if he beats you he's going to take the title back to Japan—and that's the last we'll ever see of it. He'll only defend it there. And you know those Japanese referees. You'd have to throw Tanaka into the Pacific Ocean and wait three weeks to make sure he doesn't float back into



Look at the sly expression on Tanaka's face as he transfers the salt from his trunks to his hands while his back's turned.

the ring before they'd award you the title."

"Why didn't you put a clause in his contract saying if he won the title he'd have to defend it here?" Pedro, now equally disturbed, asked.

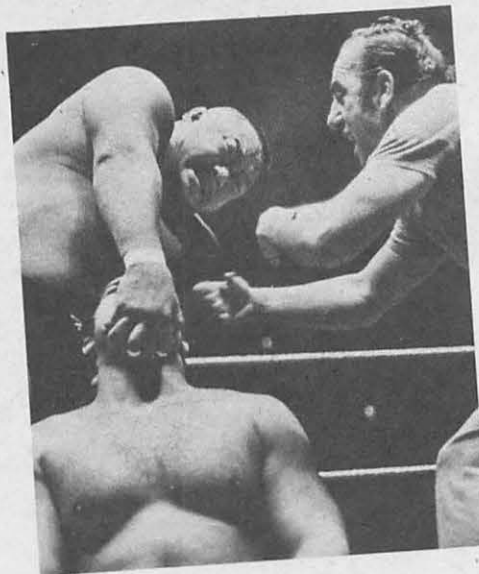
"Who ever thought of it," McMahon said. "Tanaka hasn't been back in Japan in years. I assumed that if he beat you he'd stay in this area and defend it here. He didn't tell me about his plan until after the contracts were signed. And there's nothing I can do about it. Pedro—if you don't defeat Tanaka—this title goes to Japan—perhaps forever!"

Morales, looking very serious now, got up and faced McMahon. "Vince," he whispered, "I make a promise here and now. I will not be the man who loses the title for this country. And I take a vow. If Tanaka defeats me and wins the belt—I will never set foot inside a ring again!"

With those words, what figured to be a routine title defense for Pedro became one of the most important battles he'd ever have to wage. And to make sure he'd have every possible advantage, he turned to the one man who could help him the most—Gorilla Monsoon.

"Monsoon used to team with Tanaka," Morales told McMahon. "He knows every move he's got. I'm sure he can teach me how to handle myself with him!"

McMahon liked the idea. And for



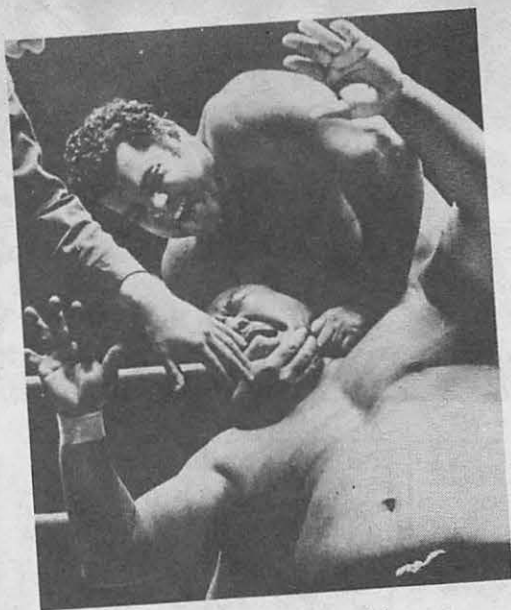
Pedro knocks the packet of salt from Tanaka's hands (above) at the start of their rematch. Morales wasn't taking any chances on history repeating itself. Left: Tanaka's facelock has Pedro nearly paralyzed as he digs his fingers into the champ's throat.

the first time that afternoon, he smiled. Sort of.

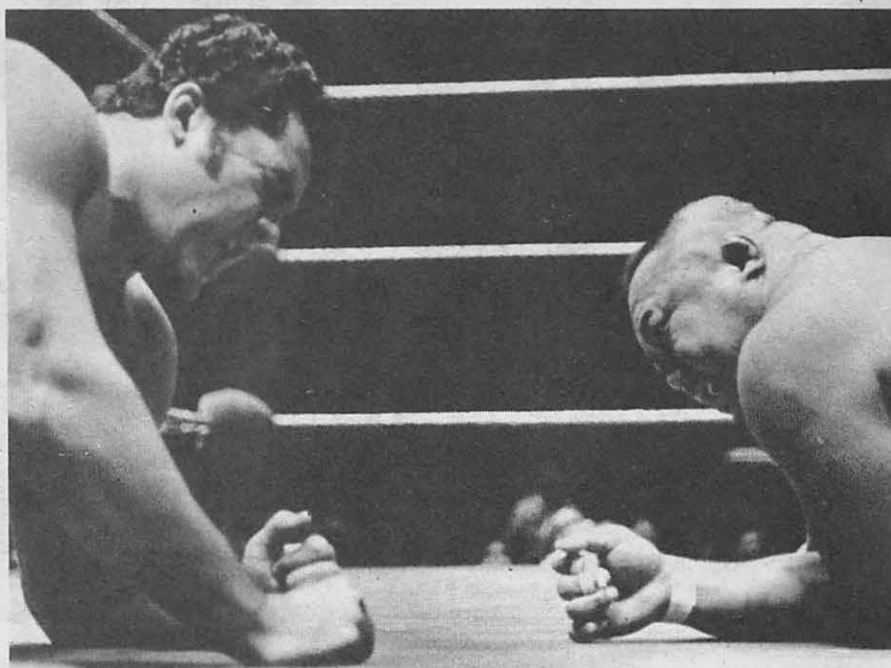
Within the next few weeks, Tanaka, already guaranteed a championship shot, tore up preliminary and semi-final opponents with a passion. His spare time was spent practicing his karate for the Morales match. There was nothing Professor Toru Tanaka would rather do than return to Japan with the World Wide Wres-

ling Federation heavyweight championship belt around his waist.

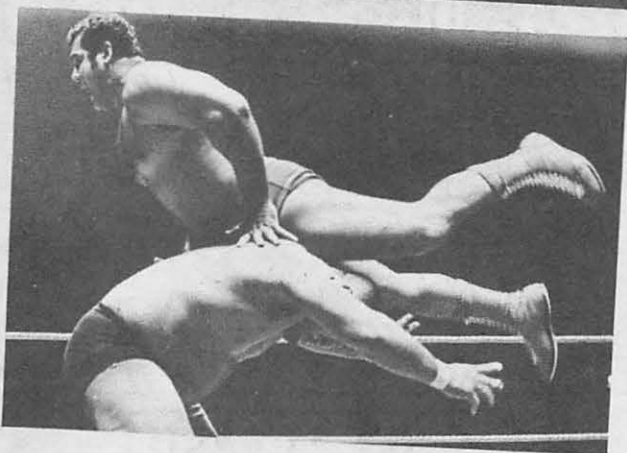
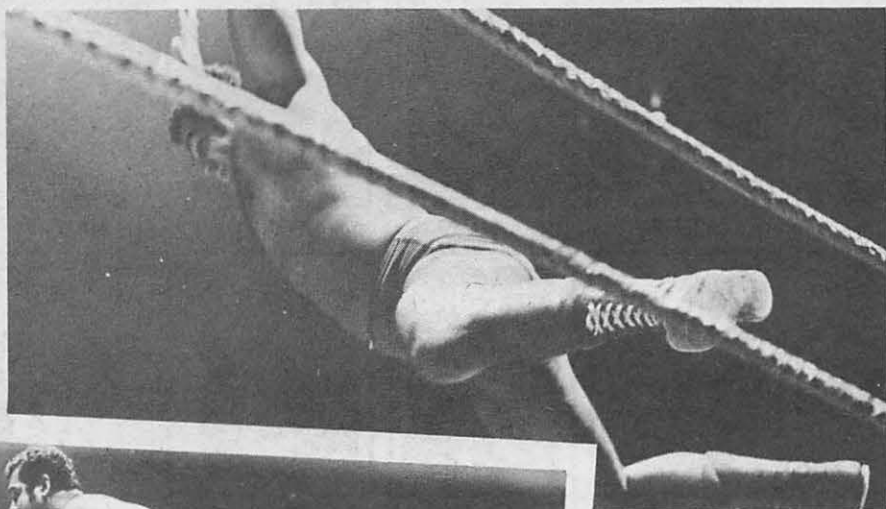
A week before the match McMahon received another shock. Tanaka, during a television interview, *denied* any plans to take the title back to Japan! "Do not worry," Tanaka said, "if I win the title I will give Morales a return match right here in the United States. Then I will take my title back to Japan."



Morales turns the tables on Toru with a facelock of his own. Tanaka nearly fainted.



This dramatic photo catches Morales and Tanaka after they collided and fell to the mat when they were each trying to bodyblock the other. Pedro got up first, but he was still too woozy to finish the professor off.



Morales takes off in a dramatic leap from the top rope (above) and lands on a stunned Toru Tanaka (left). He rolled Tanaka over and a body press ended it.

Morales, despite the lessons by Monsoon, was clearly worried. A deeply sensitive person, Pedro simply couldn't live with himself if he was the man who lost the title to someone like Tanaka.

"If I lose to Tanaka and he takes the title to Japan," Pedro repeated in secret, "I'll quit wrestling. I couldn't face my people ever again if I let the title get out of America."

Finally, the night of the match arrived. It was set at Madison Square Garden and Morales got there way ahead of time to go over Monsoon's instructions. Pedro was visibly nervous, and after a short skull session with Monsoon he stretched out on a wooden bench to try and relax.

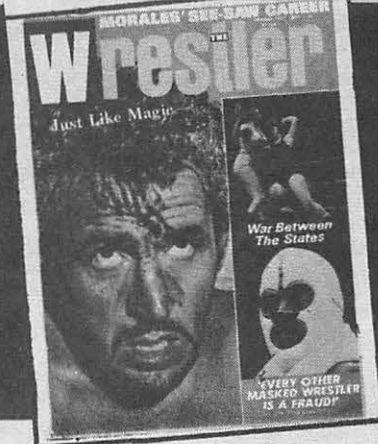
"Hello Pedro!" a voice called from the area by the dressing room door. It was Vince McMahon Jr., the ring

announcer. "I just came by to wish you luck. Tanaka told me if he wins the title he wants a Japanese ring announcer for the rematch!" he chuckled.

Pedro laughed at the joke and it helped relax him. But outside the dressing room, the announcer was heard to say he had never seen Morales looking so nervous.

When the match began, it appeared that Pedro had every right to be worried—very worried. Tanaka's karate chops were slicing him to pieces and it seemed Pedro was thinking too much about what Monsoon had said. At about the eight minute mark, Morales woke up and stiffened Toru with a series of flying dropkicks. Pedro dropkicked Tanaka every time the Japanese wrestler got on his feet. Tanaka was reeling. But as Pedro moved in to finish him off—Toru reached into his trunks and pulled out some of his ceremonial salt he throws around before each match. He hurled the salt at Pedro. But Morales ducked. And referee Dick Kroll screamed in pain as the salt landed in his eyes.

Holding his hands across his eyes.
(Continued on page 62)



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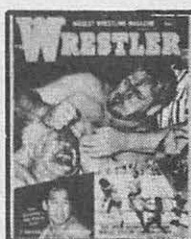
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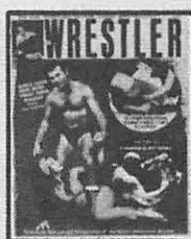
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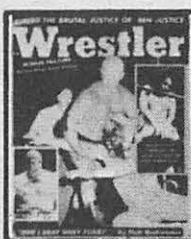
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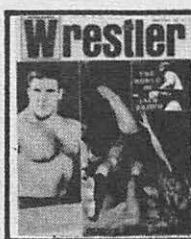
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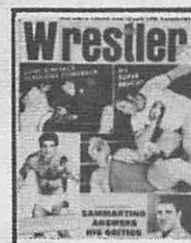
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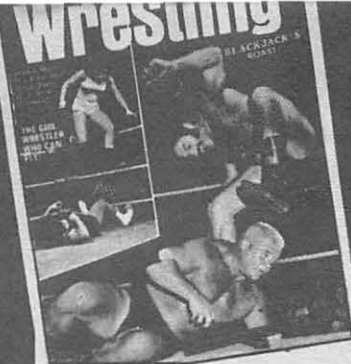
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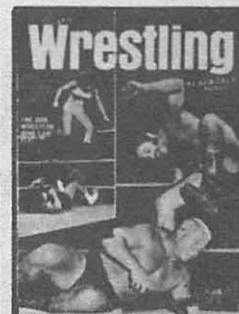
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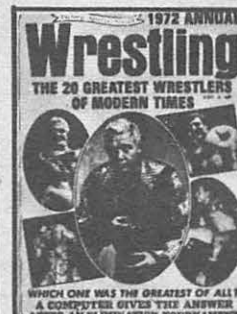
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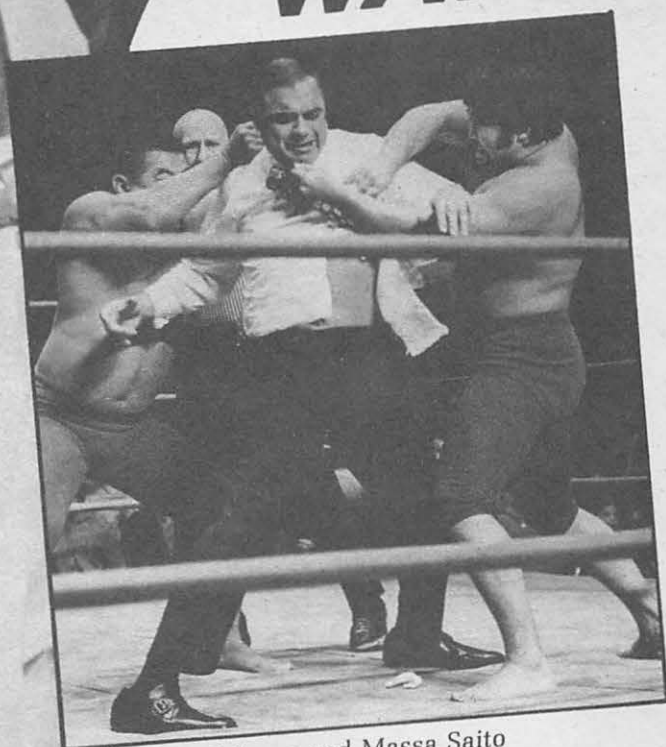
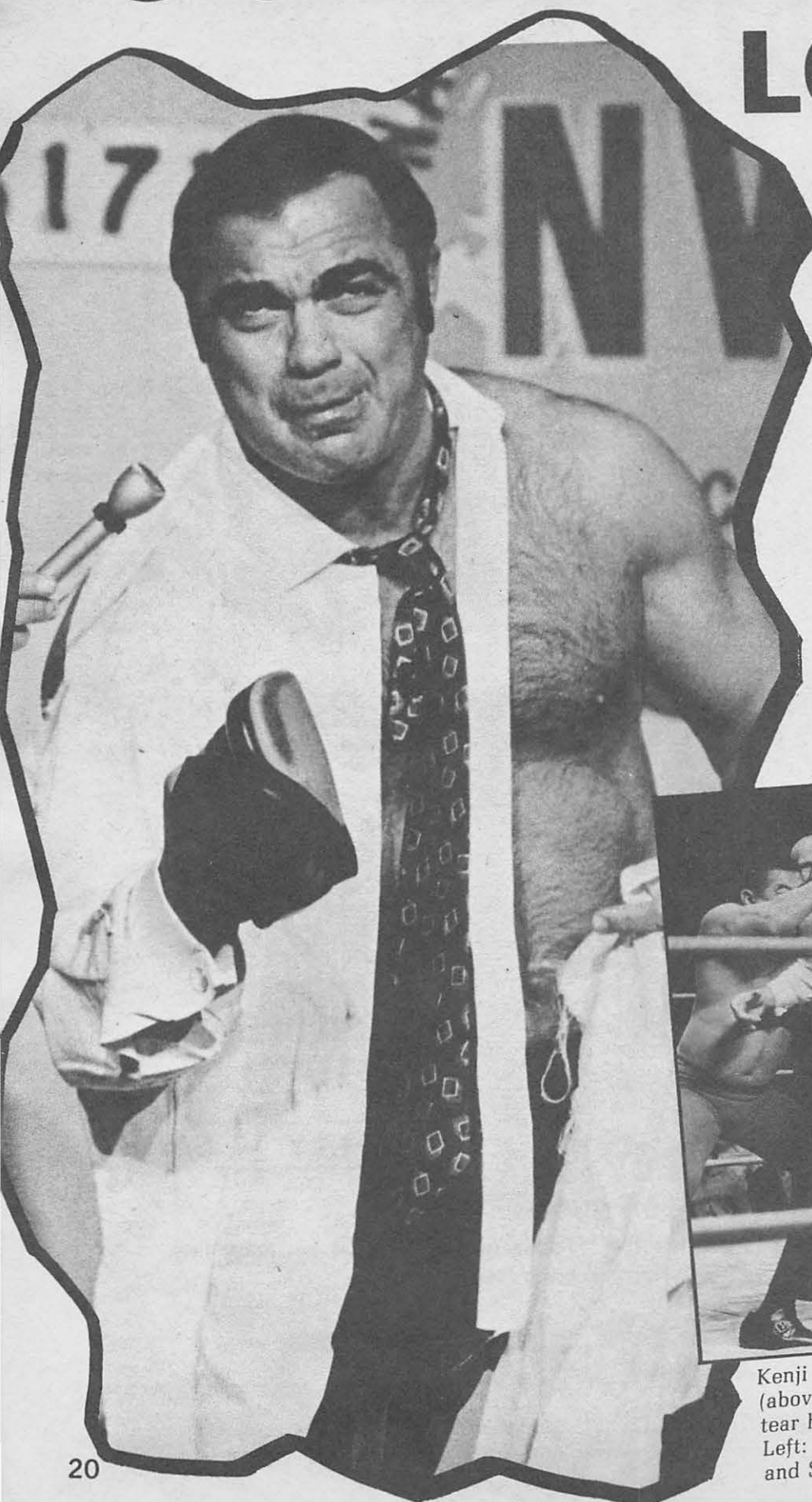
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JOHN TOLOS

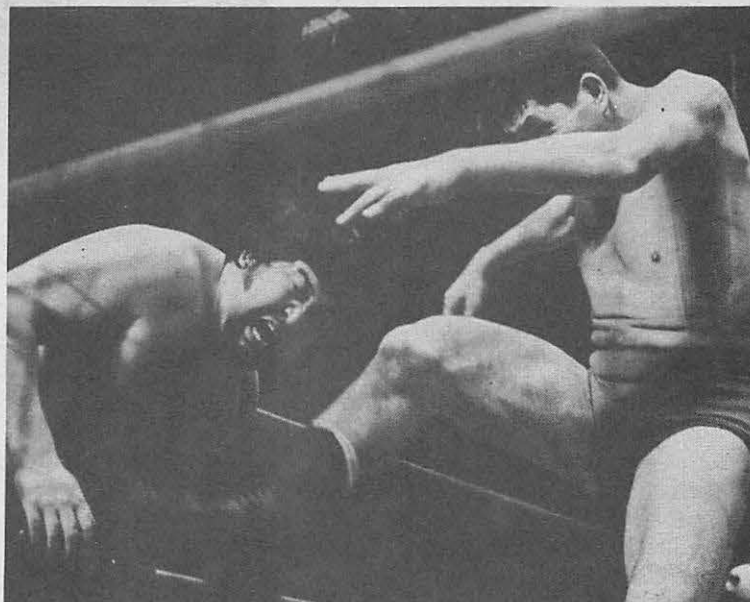
LOST A SHIRT

**—BUT
HE
WON
THE
WAR!**



Kenji Shibuya and Massa Saito (above) attack John Tolos and tear his \$20 shirt to ribbons. Left: Tolos challenges Saito and Shibuya to meet he and Baba.

Kenji Shibuya and Massa Saito have been gunning for John Tolos for quite some time. They blamed him, in part, for their exile from Japan. When the Japanese duo attacked it cost John a \$20 shirt. But as things worked out—Shibuya and Saito lost a lot more!



JOHN TOLOS WOULD give you the shirt off his back. All you'd have to do is ask. But Kenji Shibuya and Massa Saito didn't even *bother* to ask. Instead, they ripped John's brand new \$20 shirt to shreds in front of thousands of people and a TV audience as well. You simply just don't do things like that to John Tolos and get away with it. And it'll be a long time before Saito and Shibuya again try to do John's laundry—with John in it.

"The thing that gets me," explained John, "is that they shouldn't be angry with me, they should be angry with Baba, my tag team partner. He's the reason this whole thing started."

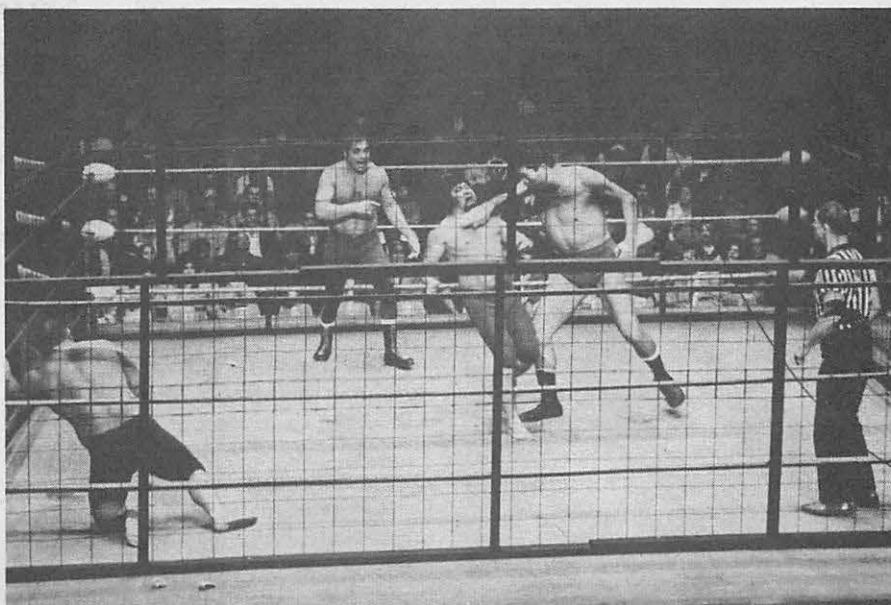
It seemed like this was going to get confusing, so we let John explain what happened.

"Baba and I have known each other for a long time," John continued. "We wrestled together as a team in Japan and we were extremely popular. All the fans loved us. That created a problem, however. Shibuya and Saito were also very popular over in Japan before they came here."

"In a recent issue of *INSIDE WRESTLING* (Jan./'72) you wrote the inside story of why Shibuya and Saito were exiled from Japan. But there's more to that story than even *you* know."

"As you remember, Baba was defending his championship against Saito and Shibuya was in Saito's corner. Well, what the story didn't mention was that I was in Baba's corner, just kind of rooting him on. During the match, Baba threw Saito out of the ring and Saito got his head ripped open on some TV equipment. Ba-

Baba bends Saito in half with a sharp kick to the stomach (above). Right: Saito recovers and tries to scramble up out of the cage, but Baba is right there to pull him back down. When all four grapplers get into the ring (below) Baba flattens Saito with a karate chop as Shibuya struggles to his feet in his corner. Saito and Shibuya partially blame John Tolos for their exile from Japan. They were exiled after a match in Tokyo between Baba and Saito almost six years ago.



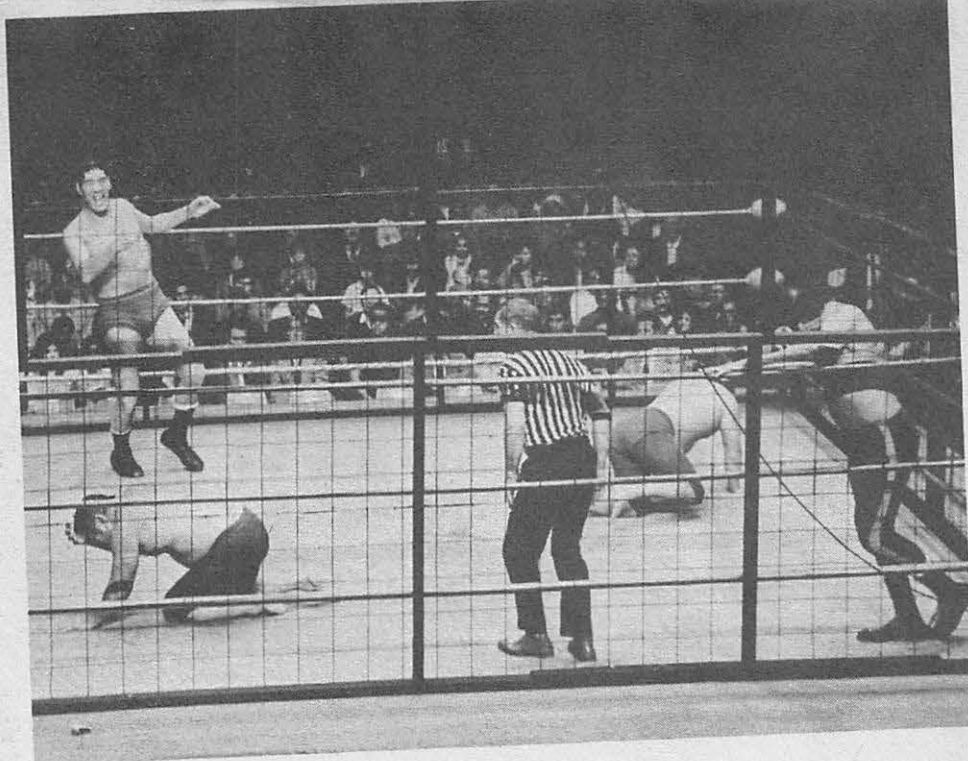
ba was truly upset about that and he went over to see how badly Saito was injured. Shibuya thought he was trying to attack Saito and he ran over and smashed a TV camera over Baba's head. It became a national scandal and Shibuya and Saito were banned from Japan for 10 years. They left in disgrace.

"But it also turned out that they blamed me for what happened. They didn't like the idea of Baba teaming with a non-Oriental to begin with. And they're convinced that I was the one who told Baba to throw Saito out of the ring. Since Baba never used to do things like that, they said it was *my* influence that made him do it. If he hadn't thrown Saito out of the ring, Saito wouldn't have hit his head and Shibuya wouldn't have clobbered Baba and they would never have been exiled and so on. They really believe this. So indirectly, they hold me responsible for their not being able to return to Japan.

"When they came here, we weren't exactly friendly, but it seemed that everything had been forgotten. Then, a few weeks ago, Baba and I had lunch and decided it would be fun to team up together again. We asked Mike Lebell, the promoter, if it was okay and he said it was fine with him. So Baba and I wrestled Wildman Armstrong and Bengali. And the sight of us together again triggered something in their twisted minds.

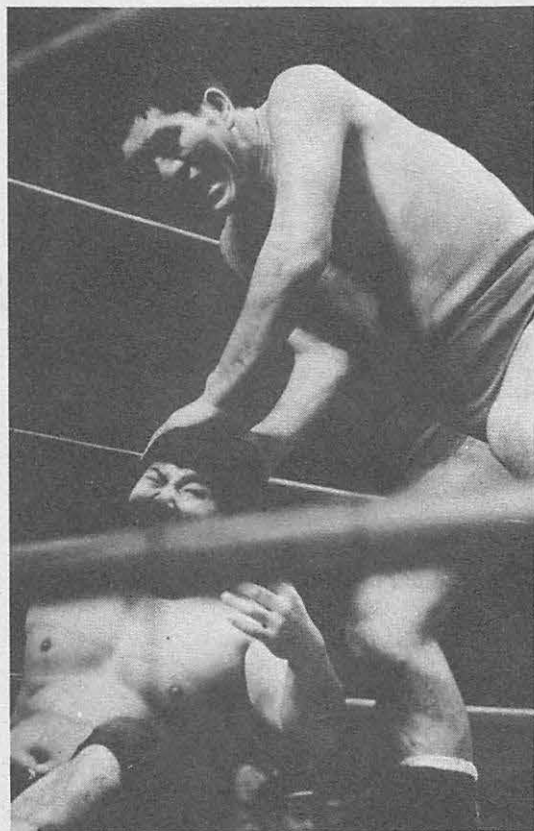
"They warned Baba that we'd be sorry if we stayed together but he just laughed at them. He told me he knew they wouldn't do anything to him. All that has to happen is that word gets back to Japan that those two clowns went after Baba again. They might be exiled forever. So I had a hunch they might go after me."

Just then, Baba came in and joined the conversation. He gave his version which, pretty much



Baba and John Tolos roar with laughter after they crashed Saito's head into Shibuya's head in mid-ring (above). "They looked so funny crawling around on the mat," Baba laughed.

Right: Baba moves in on a floored Massa Saito and twists his head about as far as it can go. Tolos and Baba were cheered lustily after the match—one of the rare times John Tolos has heard fans cheer him in the Olympic.

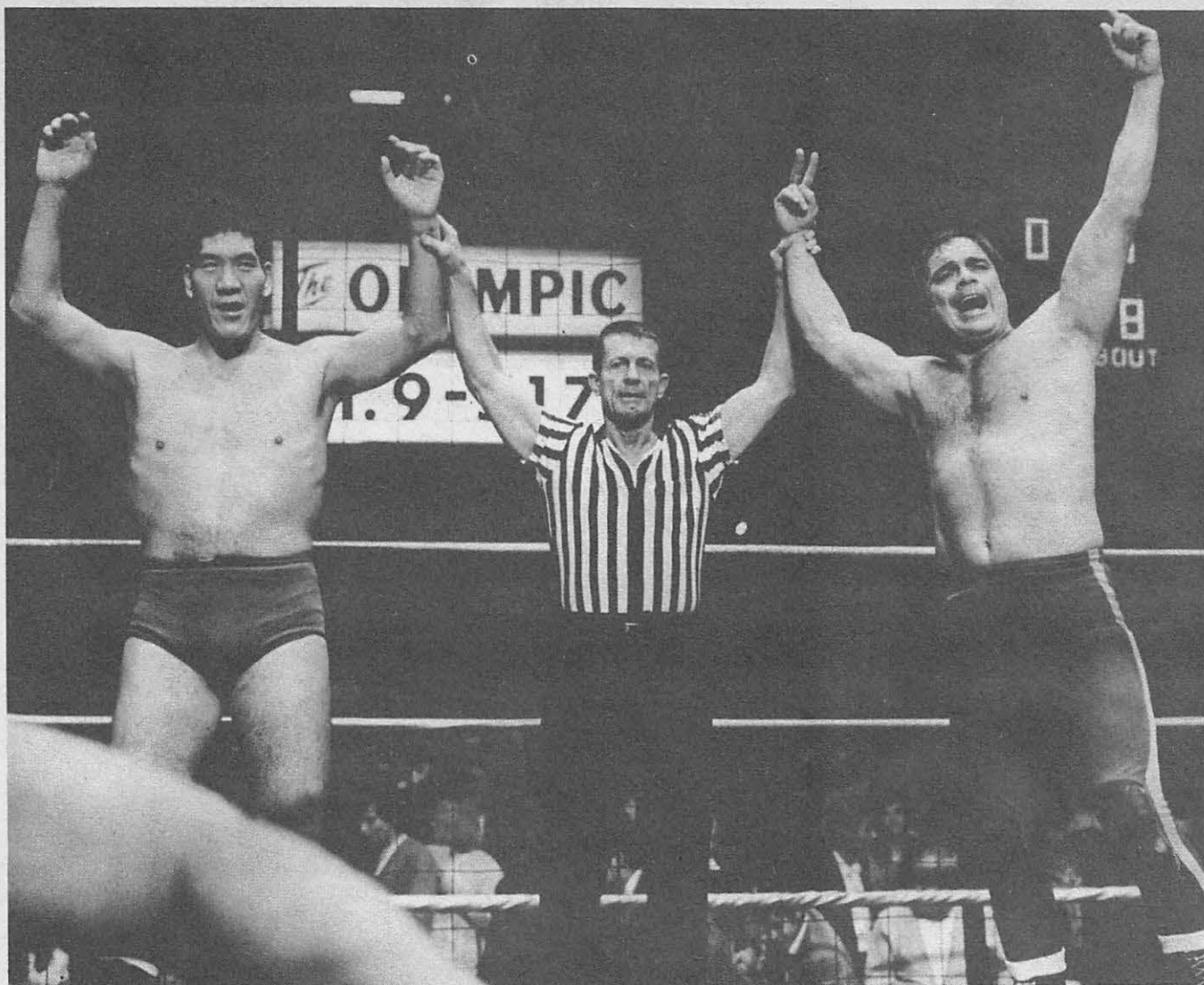


substantiated what Tolos had said. Except he added an important part.

"Shibuya and Saito are from the old school," Baba noted. "They are what we call traditionalists. They do not like the idea of Orientals teaming with Occidentals. In fact, those two are still fighting World War II. They cannot understand how I, a Japanese, could team up with John. They'd

love to get me more than any man in the world. But they're scared about bad publicity in Japan. So they went after John instead."

What happened was that Tolos was being interviewed in the ring between matches. He was talking about his partnership with Baba and their hope of getting a shot at the tag team championship. It was evidently too much



for Shibuya and Saito to take. They were watching the interview on the closed circuit TV set in the dressing room. When Tolos began talking about he and Baba, Saito and Shibuya charged out of the dressing room, into the ring, and ripped big John's shirt to pieces. When order was finally restored, Tolos went to the studio to continue the interview. But with an extra twist. Tolos challenged Saito and Shibuya to wrestle him and Baba—in a cage match! "I'm going to get even with Shibuya!" Tolos emotionally told the TV audience. "He's going to pay for this \$20 shirt!"

And Shibuya and Saito paid... and paid... and paid.

"I've been anxious to get another crack at those two ever since that night in Japan," Baba said after the match. "I enjoyed this more than any match I've wrestled in in years!"

And it's no wonder.

Tolos and Baba were ruthless,

torturing the Japanese torture duo with kicks, stomps and karate chops. Baba, who seemed to get carried away at times, viciously chopped away at Shibuya and Saito. For once, the violent Japanese pair was receiving the same kind of punishment it had been dishing out for so long. It got so bad that Shibuya and Saito spent most of the time trying to scramble out of the 14-foot high cage. But every time one of them did, Baba reached up with one of his long arms and pulled them back down again.

The piece de resistance came in the second and final fall. After Baba karate chopped Saito and Shibuya senseless, he and Tolos got the pair in headlocks at opposite corners of the ring. They met in the middle and the resounding crash might have registered about a four on the Richter Earthquake Scale. Saito and Shibuya tumbled to the mat. And off in the corner stood Baba the Gi-

Tolos and Baba have their arms raised in triumph after they defeated Shibuya and Saito. "I don't mind losing that \$20 shirt after this," John said.

ant—laughing so hard he almost forgot to apply a finishing hold!

"A great night all around," agreed Tolos. "I just hope they find out about this match back in Japan. In fact, this was such a weird situation the 8,000 or so fans in the Olympic wound up cheering me. Can you imagine that? John Tolos being cheered at the Olympic! And you know something? It was almost nice. After what happened, I don't mind losing that \$20 shirt now. In fact, I'd gladly give Saito and Shibuya each a shirt right off my back so me and Baba could get them in the ring again!" □

Revealed for
the first time:

Is the war dance just a colorful show Indian wrestlers put on for fans? Or is it something much more important than that—something with a deep, traditional meaning?



THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE INDIAN WAR DANCE!

CHIEF BIG HEART was possibly its most famous practitioner. But almost every Indian wrestler has used it at one time or another. Wrestling fans aren't quite sure about what it does. But it's one of the most colorful and exciting moments the sport has to offer. It's the "war dance," one of the most misunderstood happenings in wrestling.

What is the war dance and why do Indian wrestlers use it?

"That's a difficult question to answer," said popular Chief Jay Strongbow, an Indian whose war dance has become familiar to east coast fans. "It's both a psychological and physical thing. Basically, an Indian will go into a war dance to channel his anger towards his adversary. But let me start at the beginning. Why does an Indian go on the warpath?"

"Guys like Freddie Blassie make me go on the war-

path. That maniac really made me blow my top when I wrestled him in New York. You know what he did to me? He attacked me before the bell rang—while my back was turned, of course—and I still had my sacred tribal headdress on. Before the referee could pull him off, Blassie had torn it to shreds!

"I was so angry that if I'd have had a gun I would have shot him. Suddenly, the anger seemed to flow throughout my body. I found myself really getting worked up. The next thing I knew I was in my war dance. 'Ah-ha-ya!' I screamed. Crazy feelings ran through my body. I felt stronger, almost invulnerable. My hands, usually limp, stiffened in preparation for delivering a Tomahawk Chop. My left leg started to swing into action, ready to go for Blassie's face. My muscles felt loose. I'm dancing all around the ring, channeling all my energy into one direction—Blassie's.

"I see the fear in his eyes. He doesn't know what I'm liable to do. All he's thinking is that he's got one crazy Indian on his hands. He stops thinking about attacking now. He's worried about how to defend himself. The psychological advantage has now turned to me!

"So the first answer to why an Indian goes into a war dance is motivation—usually anger. When some people get angry they can't think clearly. An Indian is taught to channel his motivation into a physical manifestation. The blood starts flowing faster and the heart starts pumping adrenalin quicker. You've heard those stories of 120-pound women being able



Chief Jay Strongbow (left) says the Indian wardance is more than just a show put on for spectators. The other pictures in the series on this page catch Strongbow during different phases of the Chief's exciting dance.



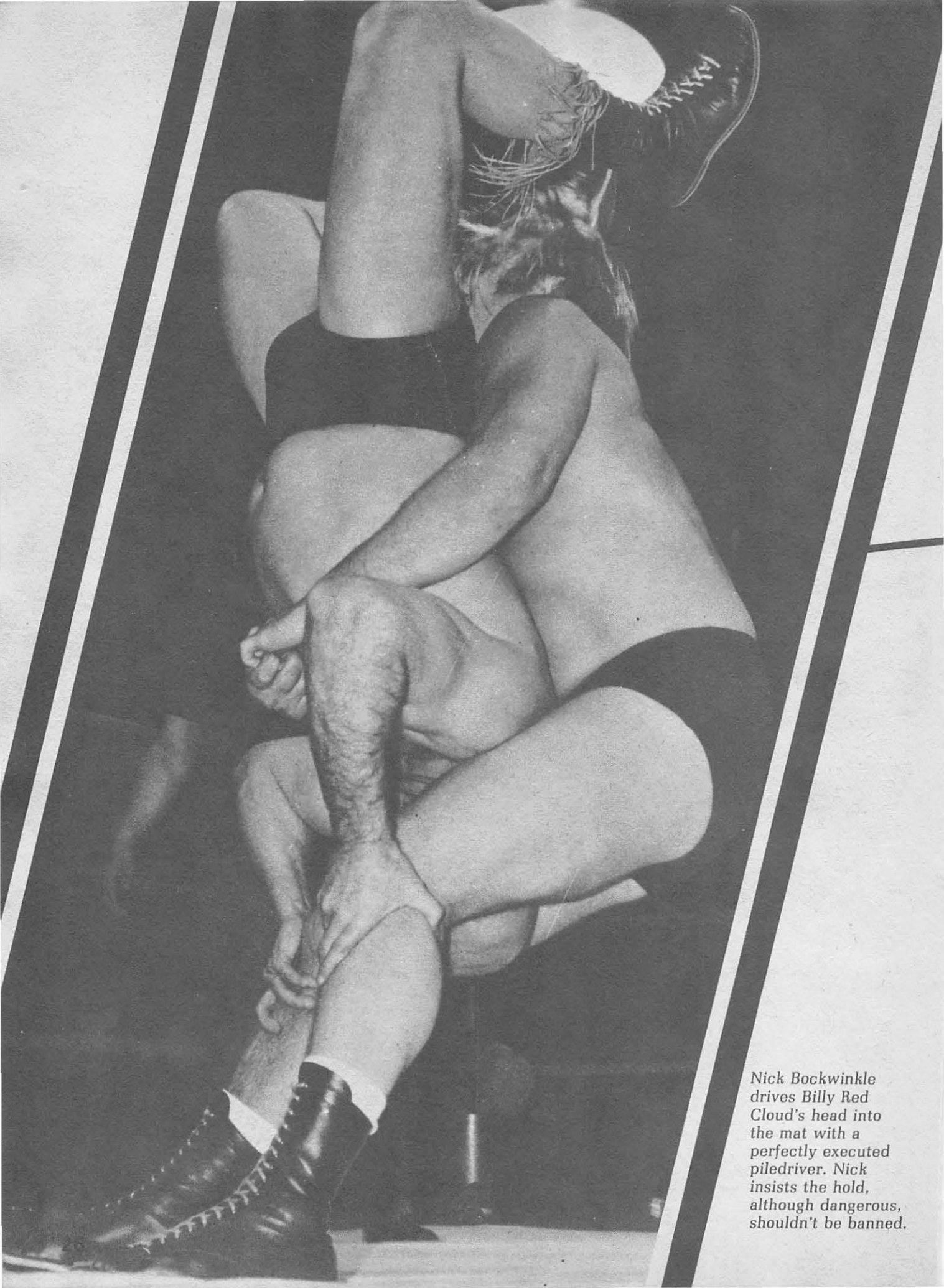
to lift automobiles in order to get their child out from under it during an auto accident. When the mind wants to, it can cause the body to do amazing things. That's what the war dance does. It directs your concentration into one thought, in this case, getting Blassie.

"Once all your pent-up emotions have reached the breaking point, you stop the dancing and let them loose on your opponent. Amazingly, your strength has doubled, your speed has increased, you feel no pain. All your energy is directed to one goal. You're almost in a trance-like state.

"Just like a football coach tries to psych up his players so they'll be at an emotional peak at the moment the game begins, an Indian war dance psychs me up so that I can reach an emotional peak when I most need it.

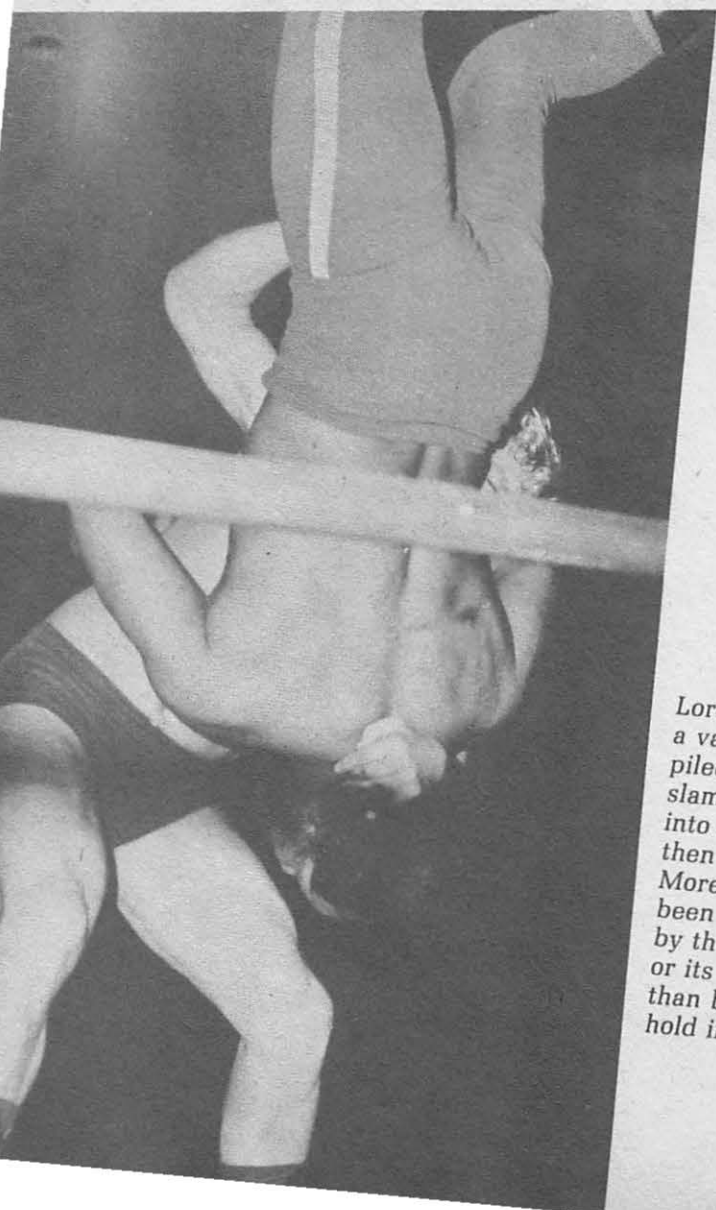
"It's easy to understand why so many people misunderstand the purposes of the war dance. I guess you have to have Indian blood in you to really understand it. It's something you feel. And the best way to explain it is as a collection and control of emotions designed to concentrate them and turn them into positive factors. Some people accomplish this through meditation. The Japanese do it through the use of loud screams and cries when they deliver a judo or karate chop. An Indian does it through a war dance.

"So by the time my dance is ended, I've concentrated energy into a usable source, channeled my anger into a useful expression and turned the psychological advantage from Blassie to myself. And when that happens—Mr. Blassie just better watch out!" □



Nick Bockwinkle drives Billy Red Cloud's head into the mat with a perfectly executed piledriver. Nick insists the hold, although dangerous, shouldn't be banned.

SHOULD THE PILEDRIVER BE BANNED?



Lord Al Hays shows a variation of the piledriver as he slams Ciclone Negro into his knee and then into the mat. More wrestlers have been seriously hurt by the piledriver or its variations than by any other hold in wrestling.

There's a hold in wrestling so brutal and so deadly that most wrestlers don't even want to talk about it. It's the piledriver—the weapon that has cut short more promising careers than any other. Every few years, a movement arises that favors banning the piledriver. Such a movement is under way today. But there is a group of wrestlers steadfastly opposed to such action. Nick Bockwinkle is one of them.

BILLY RED CLOUD is whipped into the ropes. As he bounces off he's met with a vicious kick to the pit of his stomach. He doubles over in pain, his head almost touching his knees. Cashing in on this opportunity, Nick Bockwinkle wraps his arms around Red Cloud's waist and hoists him—upside down—onto his shoulder.

For Nick this is a moment of decision. He can keep Red Cloud on his shoulder in a backbreaker. Or he can let Billy slide down the front of his body until his head is even with Nick's knees. Either way, Bockwinkle is going to win.

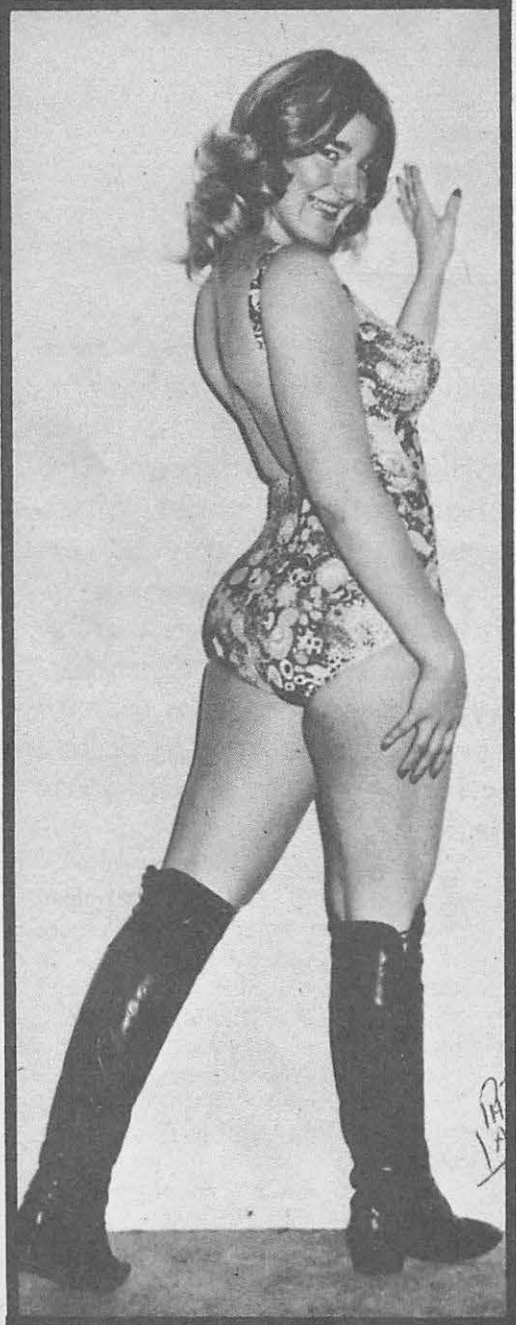
Nick chooses the latter. And with Red Cloud upside down, his arms around the Indian's waist and Billy's

(Continued on page 64)

SPECIAL PHOTO STORY

When most people hear the name Vivian Vachon they form a mental picture of a beautiful, exciting, sexy girl wrestler. But what most people don't know is that the name of Vivian Vachon is as well known in the world of modeling as it is in the world of wrestling. These never-before-seen exclusive photos take you, for the first time ever, right into ...

VIVIAN VACHON'S OTHER LIFE



Vivian Vachon (above) turns a bathing suit into much more than just a swimsuit. Right: A fur coat serves as a nice mat for a modeling pose.



BEAUTIFUL VIVIAN VACHON was reclining on a mink coat sprawled randomly on the studio floor. What seemed like a 100 lights shone down on her as a director shouted instructions. From time to time a makeup girl came to powder puff the sweat off Vivian's brow. It felt like 120 degrees under those lights and they'd been posing her for three hours now. Vivian Vachon—fashion model—was dead tired.

"Boy, I'll be glad when I can get back to something easy like wrestling," Vivian joked during a break from the shooting. "This posing under the lights is not as easy as I thought it was. It's hard work. But I love it. There's no reason why a woman can't have two careers. Wrestling will always be my first love, but when I'm not in the ring I enjoy modeling."

Having a professional wrestler for a fashion model is something fashion director Kyle de Long still hasn't gotten used to.

"A friend of mine said he knew a girl who he thought would make a good model," de Long said. "I asked him if she was modeling now and he told me she wasn't. He said she was a professional wrestler."

"I started laughing like a maniac. I thought it was a gag. I'd never seen a girl wrestler in my life. I pictured them as fat, toothless old women . . . you know . . . like those Russian women who drive tractors. I told him I didn't want any models who are wrestlers."

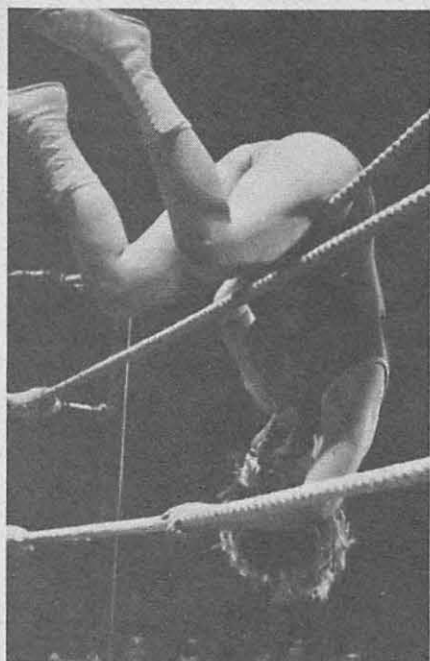
"Then he told me he had another

Vivian does great things for a bathing suit both as a model (below) and in the ring (right). When the fashion director she now poses for first found out she was a girl wrestler—he refused to believe it. "I thought girl wrestlers were fat old women like those tractor drivers in Russia," he said. "I was never so wrong about anything in my whole life!"

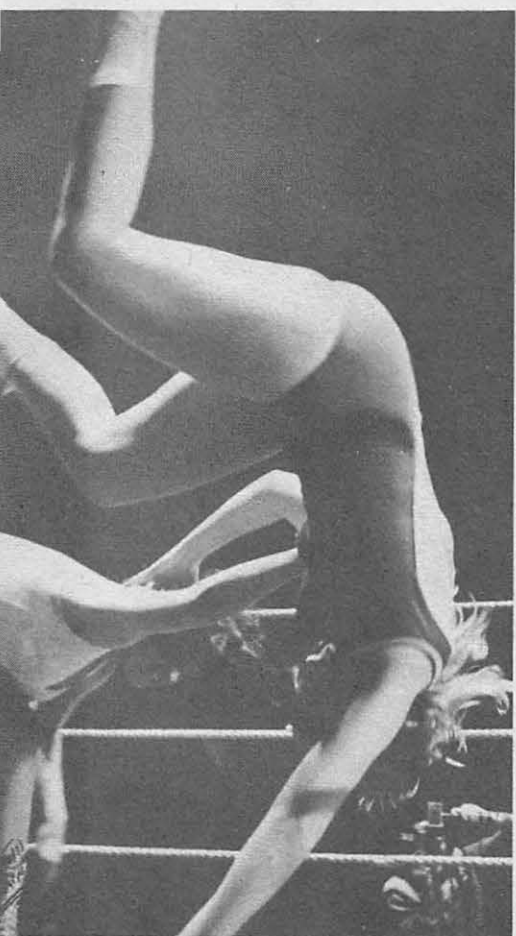


Vivian shows off a pretty fur coat with matching hat. The coat costs more than \$3,000.

"This is my favorite dress," Vivian told us. "Of all the outfits I model—I'd love to own this one most of all."



Vivian's first love is still wrestling. She seems really hung up about it. Modeling, she says, is her second love.



Shirley McNeill flips Vivian onto her head—hardly a pose for a career fashion model.



Vivian struggles to get up (above) after being thrown out of the ring. Left: She pulls Shirley McNeill out of the ring onto the floor and makes her sorry she hurled Vivian out to begin with.



girl in mind and wanted to show me some swimsuit photos of her. I said 'fine, I'm always looking for new models.'

"He showed me some pictures and they almost knocked my eyes out. This girl had a figure on her that would make Raquel Welch turn green with envy. 'Who is she?' I asked him. 'She'd be perfect.'

"Then he hit me with the stopper. 'Her name is Vivian Vachon,' he said, 'and she's the girl I told you about. She's the professional wrestler!'

"I was stunned. My image of girl wrestlers was certainly out of whack. I told him to bring Vivian over and we'd give her a screen test."

Vivian remembers being more nervous about the screen test than about any match she ever had. "I must have spent hours fixing my hair and my makeup. When Mr. de Long told

me I passed and he wanted to use me for some magazine layouts—I was walking on air."

Vivian began getting modeling assignments ranging from swimsuits to fur coats to stockings to dresses. She eventually had to hire an agent to handle all her assignments. And according to inside sources, she is such a hit in the business, she could become a full-time model if she ever decided to give up wrestling. And that's part of the reason why Vivian has always tried to keep her part-time career hidden in the back-ground.

"I thought if word got around that I was spending a lot of time modeling," she said, "promoters might feel I was no longer interested in wrestling and my wrestling career would suffer. I didn't want that to happen. But when my picture began to pop up in so many magazines I knew word would get out sooner or later. I'm glad to get this opportunity to clear things up. Just because I have another career doesn't mean I'm giving up wrestling. Not one bit. And I want the promoters and everyone else to know that."

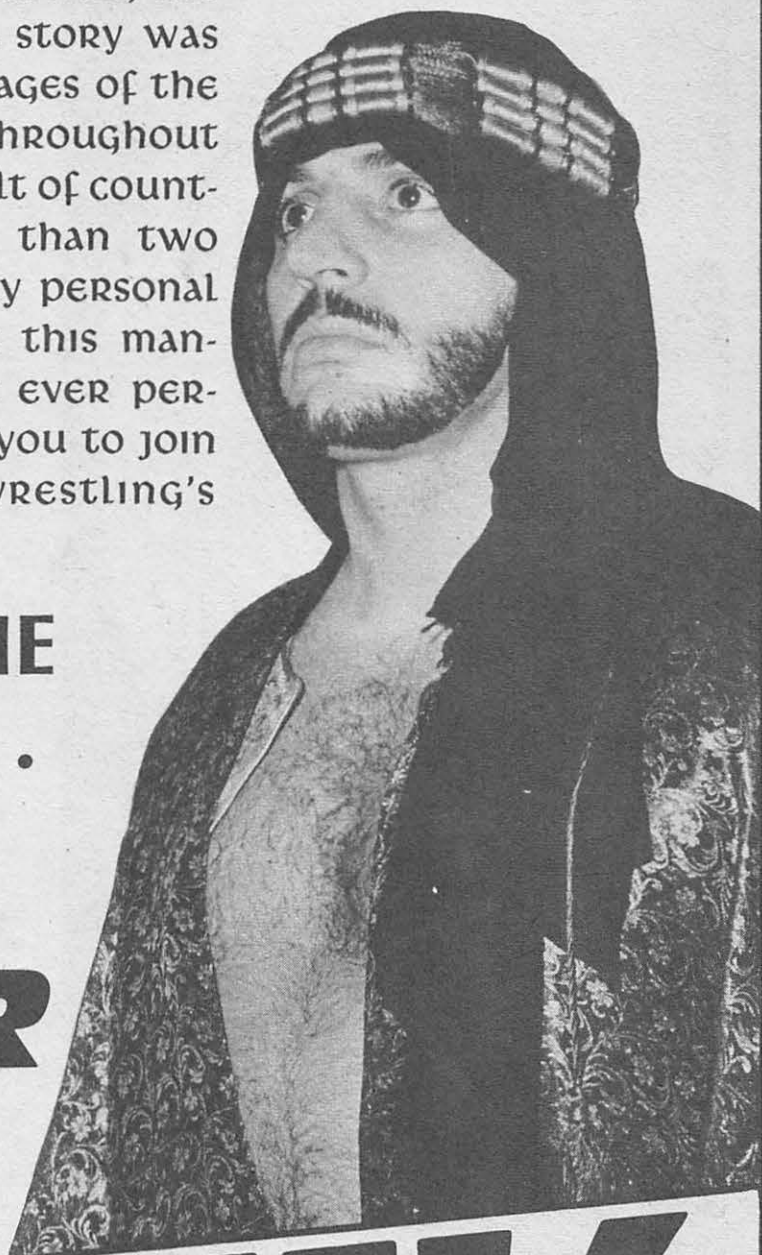
Once the secret was out, Vivian was more than happy to allow staff photographer Tony Lanza to take some pictures of his own during one of her modeling sessions. And these photos you see accompanying this article are the first ever published of Vivian as a model in any wrestling magazine! □

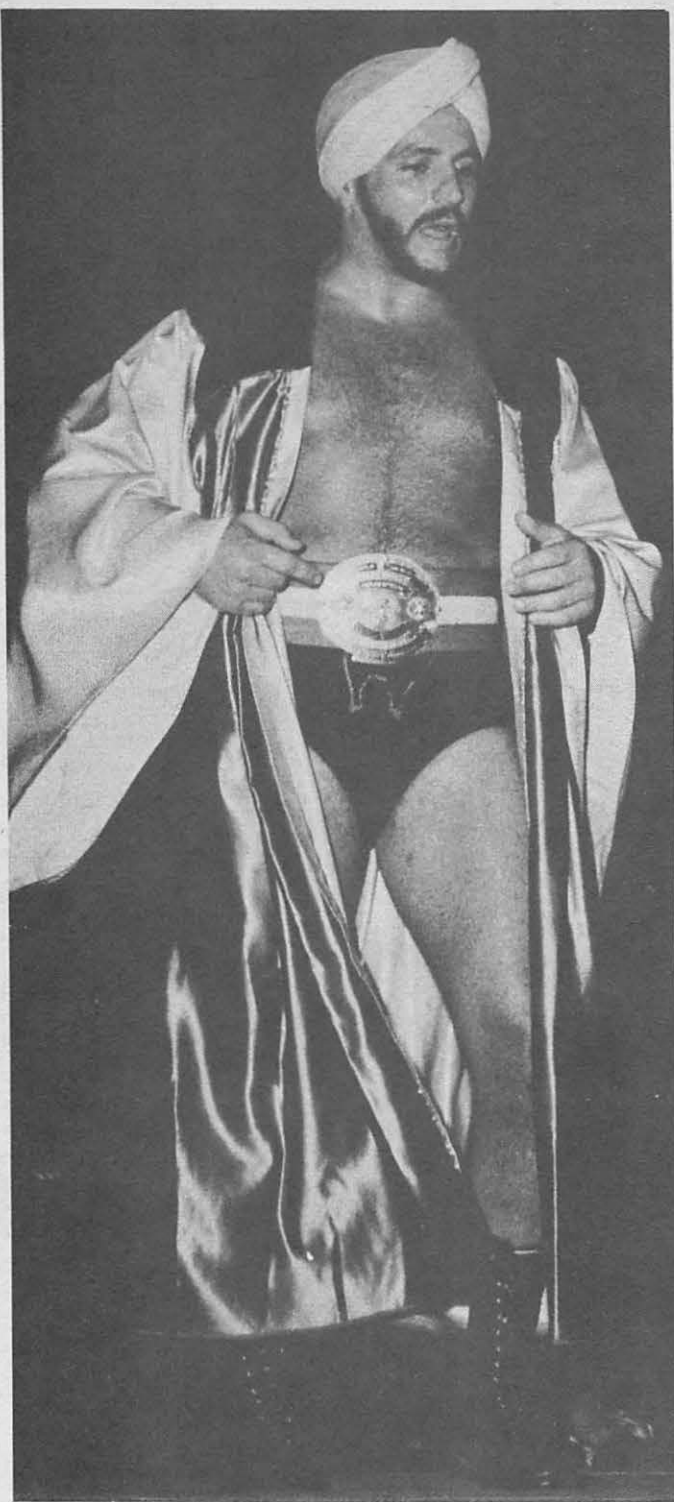
this is the story the entire wrestling world has been waiting for-the life story of the most hated, most despised and most misunderstood man in wrestling-the sheik. never before told, the story was dug out of remote desert villages of the middle east and from arenas throughout the united states. it is the result of countless interviews taking more than two years to compile. it is the only personal history ever recorded about this man-and the only story the sheik ever personally authorized! we invite you to join us as we uncover one of wrestling's greatest mysteries.

**TOLD FOR THE
FIRST TIME...**

***THIS
IS YOUR
LIFE***

SHEIK





SHEIK—THIS IS YOUR LIFE! They call you "The Sheik." You don't know the exact date of your birth because the wandering tribes of the Arabian desert didn't keep those kind of records. But you do know that you are the second son of a Sheik, a very wealthy ruler of a tribe of Arabs.

You don't remember much about your early life. Only two things stand out... the everpresent heat of the desert and the fact that as a son of royalty you are treated with great respect by other tribesmen.

When you are about five years old you notice your father paying more attention to your older brother than to you. As the eldest, he will someday become

The Sheik (left) was a young man when he made his American wrestling debut. In his early days he sported a turban, long silk robe and his Arabian Championship belt. Below: The Sheik concentrates as Princess Salima burns the ceremonial incense. The Sheik never forgave American wrestling fans for mocking his religious prayer ceremony before each match. That, than any other reason, was what made him a very angry man.



the ruler of the tribe. But you know little of tribal customs. All you recall is that people don't make as much fuss over you as they do over your brother. You are determined to attract attention and you choose athletics as your vehicle. You build your body up so that you are one of the strongest boys in the village—stronger than many boys older than you.

As the son of the Chief, you receive special school and tutoring in the ways of your people. You learn the customs and the history of your tribe—a history of fierce independence. By the 1940's many of the desert tribes have been broken up, the people sent to live in cities and villages. The face of the country is changing. Big cities like Beirut spring up. Automobiles become as common as camels. But your father, a man of the old ways, fights progress and his tribe remains together, living in the desert.

Of all the sports you learn you like wrestling the best. Wrestling in the 110-degree heat is difficult, but you are so strong you don't mind the heat. And the brutal training will help you in years to come. By the time you are 14 years old you are restless.



The Sheik, prayer rug in hand, climbs into a ring in Kansas City, Missouri, for a 1963 match against Ron Etchison. The Arab has appeared in every major arena in every state in the union where wrestling is allowed.



Many fans hate The Sheik for the rough manner in which he often handled the beautiful Princess Salima.

You know your life has been planned for you. A wife has been picked out, you will continue your education and you will never have to worry about financial matters as the son of a Sheik. But you want more than that. You read books that tell you about wonderful far off places—strange places—places where men have only one wife. You want to go to those places.

You are such a brilliant student your father arranges for you to go to Beirut to study at the university although you're only 16 years old. It is quite a decision. You have become the first of your tribe to join, so to speak, the outside world. The university is, at first, a terrifying place. You know nothing of things like running water and electricity. You are backwards compared to the other students. You pray to Allah that you will not embarrass the family name. And as things get more and more complicated, you come to rely on Allah more and more.

You are 18 when you receive word of the tragedy. There has been a war between your tribe and a band of marauding Arabs. Your father has been killed and your brother seriously wounded. You are

called back to your village to take over—as Sheik.

For one year you administer over your people. You get married. The wife, who has been selected for you, a selection made many years ago, is the most beautiful girl in all the villages surrounding yours. She is the daughter of a neighboring Sheik. Her name is Princess Salima.

Your brother recovers from his wounds and you step down as tribal leader to give him his rightful place. But changes are coming to the desert. Tribes are uniting to form nations. The duties of your brother become enormous. Between your studies, helping him and traveling to Beirut to represent your people, you have time for only one diversion. Wrestling. You have never given up the one sport you love.

You have graduated from college. You have lived in the big city. And because of that you are asked to go to the United States—to the United Nations—to represent your people. You do not want to go, but your duty is to your countrymen. You are torn between your own life and a life assigned to you. Again you turn to Allah for assistance.

You remember waking up the next morning in a cold sweat. You are jerking, trembling, you can't control your body. You have dreamed a vision of Allah. He came to you and told you that you will go

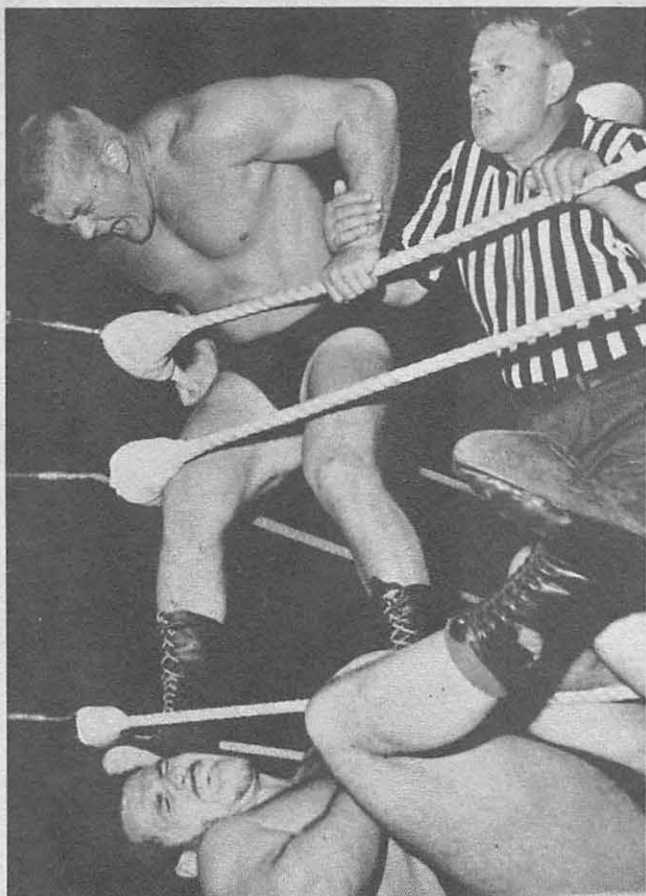


The Sheik (left) became a center of controversy when American wrestling fans discovered to their horror that this man (above) could shoot fire from his hands!

to the United States—but not to the United Nations. You dreamed that Allah said he will give you special powers—powers possessed by no man. You will be able to go into a trance and be invulnerable. You will be able to make fire shoot from your fingertips. You will become a man wealthier than your fondest dreams. You will have fame matched by no member of your desert tribe. You will know unbelievable loneliness. But you will be serving Allah.

You tell your brother of your vision. He does not understand. "You have everything you want right here," he tells you. "You are the son of a Chief and the brother of a Chief. This is nonsense! I forbid it."

"It is the will of Allah," you tell him. The decision has been made. Your wife, duty-bound to obey you, is afraid. For more than 2,000 years no member of your tribe has ever left the country. Again you turn



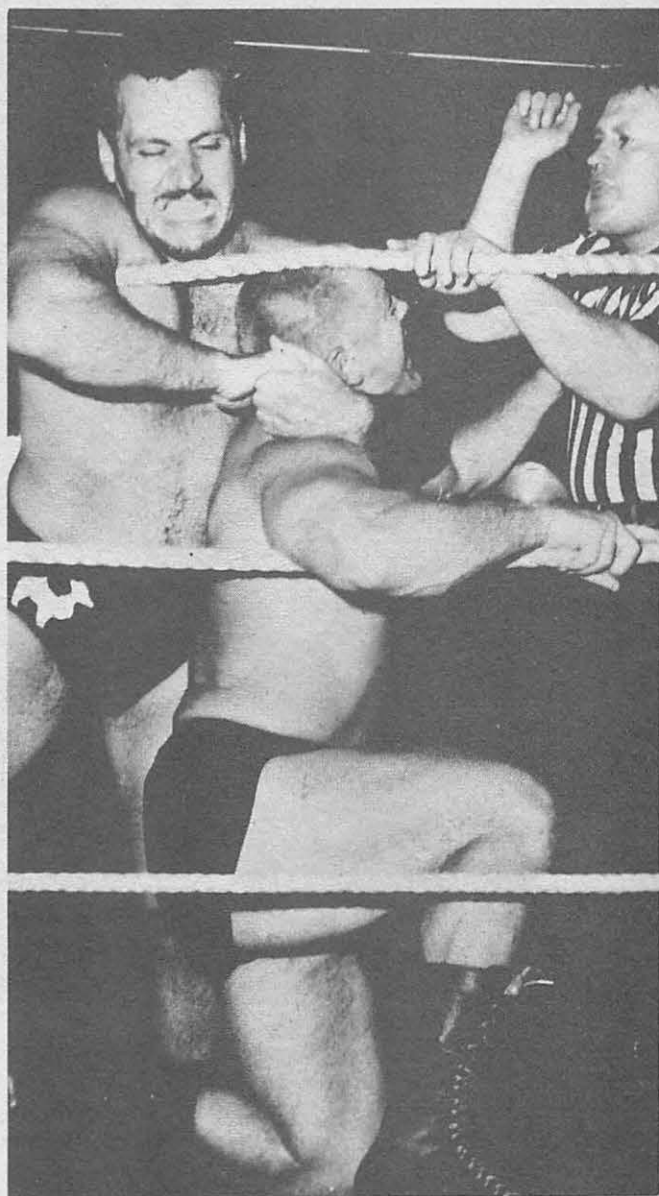
The wild Arab terrorizes most American wrestlers, but the Bruiser is one of the few who give The Sheik back as much punishment as he usually dishes out. Sheik is one of the few men who have ever defeated the Bruiser.

to Allah. You pray for strength and for guidance.

You arrive in the United States by boat and you discover the first shock. There is nobody here who speaks your language. Princess Salima speaks a little of this tongue, but it is against custom for her to speak to strangers. For two days you are hopelessly lost. But then you remember the United Nations—that place your brother told you about. Perhaps there you can find someone who speaks your language.

Through gesture, grunts and pictures, you find your way to your country's mission. They are overwhelmed at your presence. As the son of royalty you are treated like a visiting potentate. And for three months you live at the mission, learning the customs of this strange country, its money, its cities, but not its language. As a royal son of Islam, it is written that you speak only to equals, or to non-equals you choose to speak to. And everything is spoken in your tongue. You are convinced that it is not a violation of tribal custom to allow Salima to translate for you. But she must never speak to anyone unless you are there.

After a while you ask one of the people at the mission about how one goes about becoming a wrestler in this country. He is appalled. No son of a Sheik becomes a wrestler, he tells you. Again you explain it is the will of Allah. There is great discussion and debate. Finally, a member of the mission gets in



Bruiser gave The Sheik one of his toughest tests in this 1960 match in Chicago. As expected, both men were disqualified. It was one of the most excessively brutal matches in history. A rematch ended similarly.

touch with promoter Jim Barnett. He watches you work out in the gym. The following week, the world discovers this person called "The Sheik."

The people are laughing as you make your way towards the ring and that disturbs you. Your wife spreads your ceremonial prayer rug out in the corner and holds up the incense pot. The crowd is angry and throwing things. You do not understand it. In the old country every wrestler prayed to Allah before a match. You face east and get down on your knees to begin your chant. The crowd is growing angrier and angrier. Your wife tells you she is afraid. You slap her for speaking to you in public. This gets the crowd even angrier and now your opponent is



Fans as well as opponents are often terrorized by The Sheik. Note the look of fear on the face of the man sitting with his hat on his lap. He's not sure what The Sheik is liable to do. But what many fans never realize is that The Sheik, in a strange country whose customs and language are strange to him, is often as afraid of fans as they are of him. He has been attacked by fans on more than one occasion.

trying to get at you before you have finished your ritual. "What kind of place is this" you think to yourself, "that it does not allow a man his prayers before a match?"

The match goes well and you win easily. But unlike the old country, the people are not pleased. You cannot understand it. You return to your dressing room and pray to Allah for understanding.

You begin wrestling regularly now and everywhere you go it is the same. The people hate you, your wife is terrified, nobody speaks your language. You ask why Allah has chosen such a difficult task in life for you. You think about going home. But you don't. For that night you have another vision. And you are told to ignore these people, these common ordinary people. You must carry out the will of Allah.

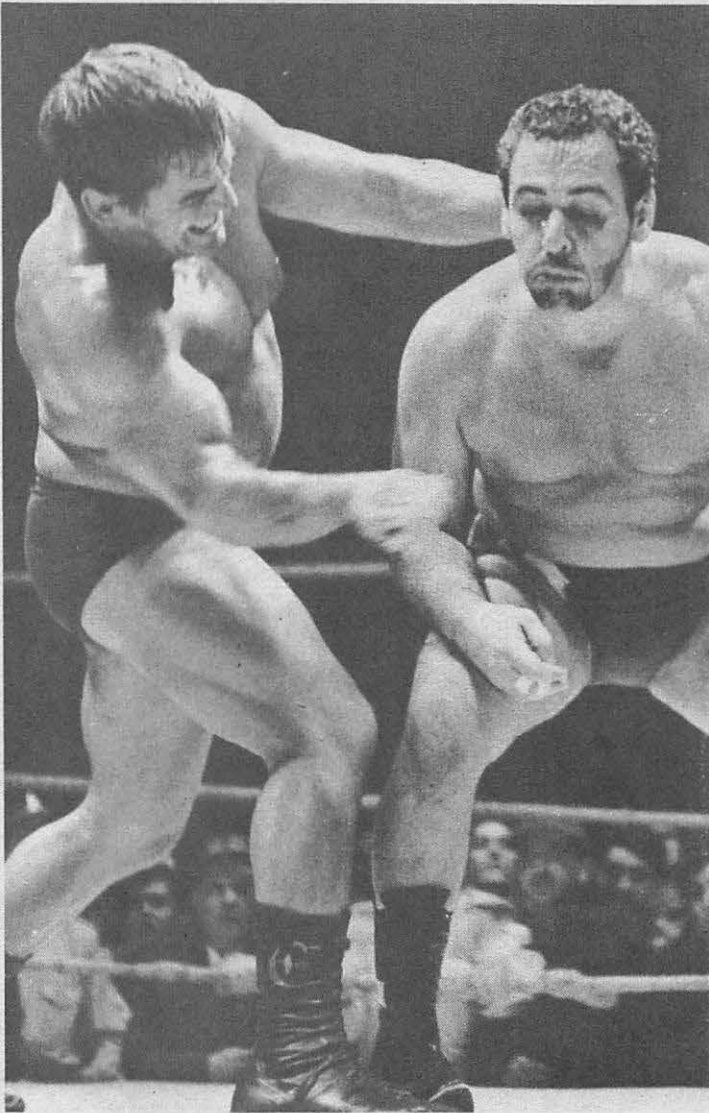
In your next match you meet a formidable opponent—an opponent who is outwrestling you. You believe you are going to be beaten for the first time in

your life. But suddenly a warm glow comes over you. You lose all powers of thought. You seem to be going into a trance. You remember nothing after that.

The next thing you remember is waking up in a hotel room. Your wife is rubbing alcohol on you. You ask her what happened. The story she tells makes you understand.

"You were wrestling this man and suddenly you became very stiff," your wife says. "Your eyes rolled up into your head and the expression on your face was very strange...like you didn't know where you were. You seemed to go into a trance. Nothing the other man did could hurt you. You had the strength of a thousand men. And at the end, you rubbed your fingers together and fire shot out from them!"

Quickly you rub your fingers together and nothing happens. "Is this a joke?" you asked Salima. "No, my Sheik," she says. "It really happened." You think back to that first vision of Allah and you fall down



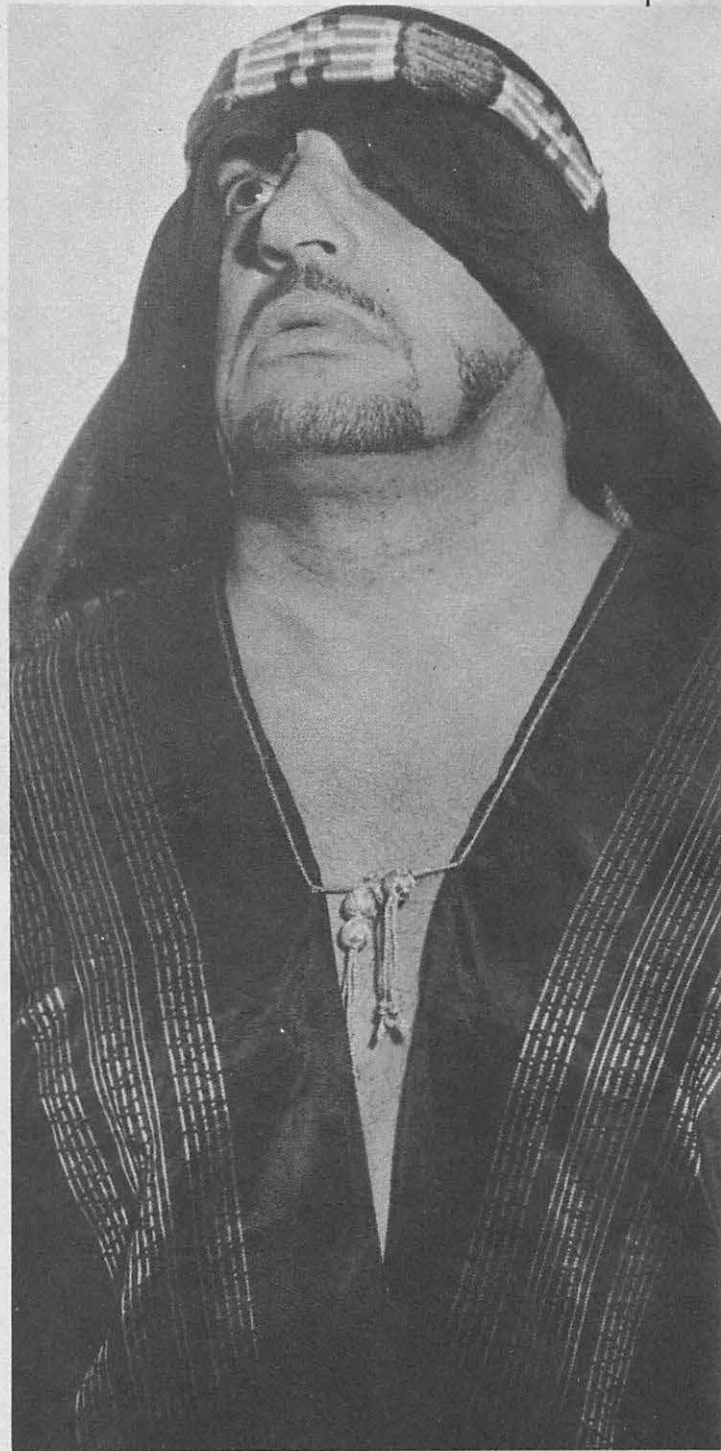
Nobody ever accused The Sheik of ducking the biggest names in the sport. Practically from the day he first stepped off the boat he wrestled men like the great Edouard Carpentier—and always in their home arenas.

and pray to thank him. He has given you special powers, powers that only He can give...or take away.

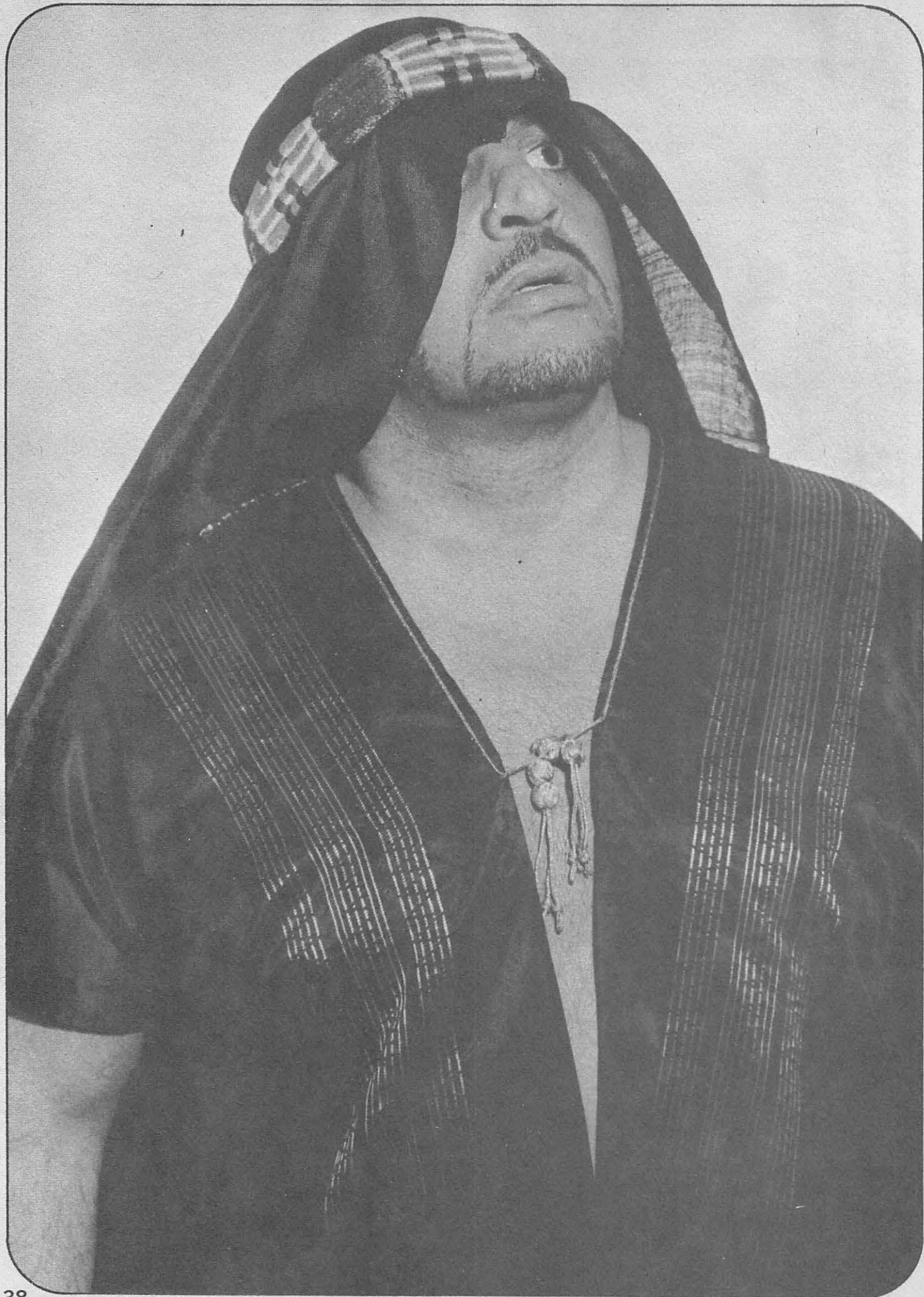
Shortly afterwards, you find out that your wife will soon give birth. It poses a problem for you. She is your interpreter, your assistant. Soon she will be unable to travel. You do not know what to do.

Again, almost as if Allah anticipated your problem, there is a solution. One night in the place they call Detroit, a childhood friend comes into your dressing room. You do not recognize him. He is wearing a fez and round sunglasses. He is a man who will solve your problem—although you do not know it then.

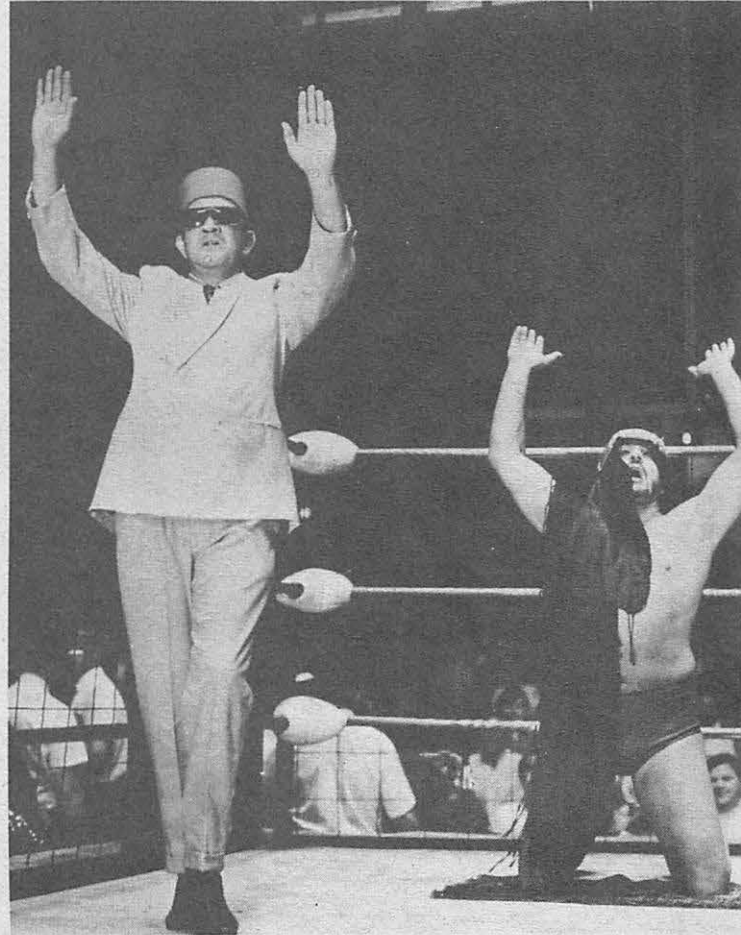
"My name is Abdullah Farouk, Your Excellency," he says. "I have come here to help you—to serve you." Farouk emigrated long ago from the old country to the United States. He spoke the strange American tongue and was a successful businessman here in this country. "But now," he added, "I have given it all up to serve my Sheik. I have been sent by Allah. Through me, Allah will watch over you."



This photo, taken in our West Coast studio, is Sheik's personal favorite. Notice how the photographer captures that mysterious look in The Sheik's eyes. That look is caused by Sheik's amazing ability to go into a trance.



WHEN ABDULLAH FAROUK SHOWED UP THE SHEIK CONSIDERED IT A MESSAGE FROM ALLAH



A major turning point in The Sheik's life occurred when, Abdullah Farouk, gave up his business to become Sheik's manager. Farouk has to put up with insults such as getting handcuffed to ringposts (left) or suspended in cages. Above: Farouk tries to quiet the crowd so The Sheik can finish his prayers. "I will bear any indignity to serve my Sheik," Farouk insists.

You are thankful to Allah for sending you this person. He will be your voice and your ears. He will help you, serve you. He will make arrangements for you. Salima can go back to Beirut and have the baby. And through Farouk, you begin to understand what America is all about.

He explains to you that the wrestling in the Arabian desert and the wrestling here are two different things. You were brought up to believe that a match is not over until the opponent lies beaten in the sand. In the old country, brutality is associated with manhood. Here it is not. You do not understand. "Wrestling is combat," you tell him. "In combat there are no manners." But he explains that the ways here are different. "Bah!" you answer. "I do not give up the ways I know."

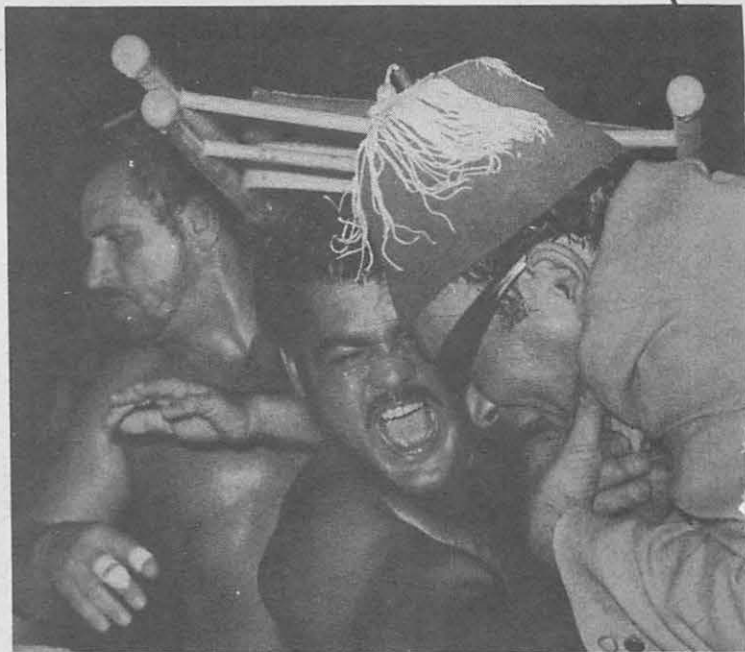
Now you understand why you are not liked. But

you do not care. Besides, these people are not royalty. You will have nothing to do with them. You shall no longer mask your hatred.

The next time you wrestle you show your arrogance, your pride as you strut down the aisle. You walk the gauntlet of abuse from the fans but you hold your head up high. For the last time, Salima is with you. You are wearing the traditional robe of your noble heritage, your aristocratic background. You are a conqueror and expect to be treated as such.

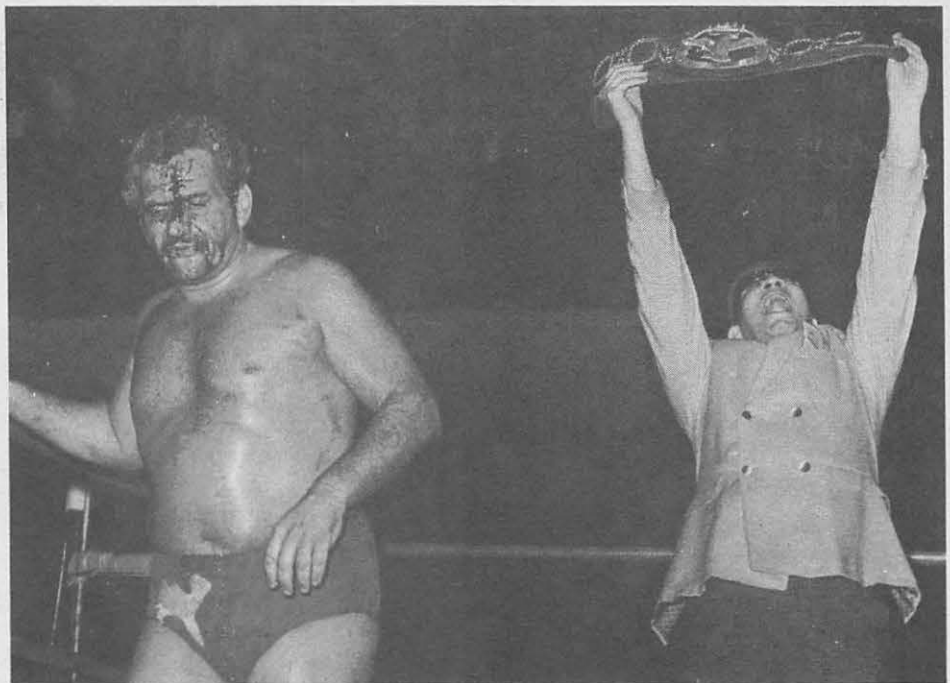
The Princess spreads out your prayer rug and you kneel and face the east. You pray to Allah for strength to conquer your foe. The Princess rises from her knees and holds aloft the bowl from which smoke billows. Suddenly it comes over you... that strange, rhythmic chant, that guttural-sounding babble, the

Farouk (below) handles all of The Sheik's press relations and books his matches. He set up the first press conference The Sheik ever had and tried to explain Sheik's actions to reporters.



Sometimes Farouk gets involved above and beyond the call of duty. Above, he's attacked by Pedro Morales, and only when The Sheik slammed a chair on Morales' head, did Pedro let up. But Farouk got hit by it too.

Farouk's job has its rewards, however, and he exults (right) as he holds high the U.S. Championship belt The Sheik, bloody and tired, has just won. When he saw this picture, the manager explained that The Sheik did not even realize he had won the belt at this point since he was still in a trance from his match. "It takes The Sheik a while to snap out of his trance," Farouk explained.



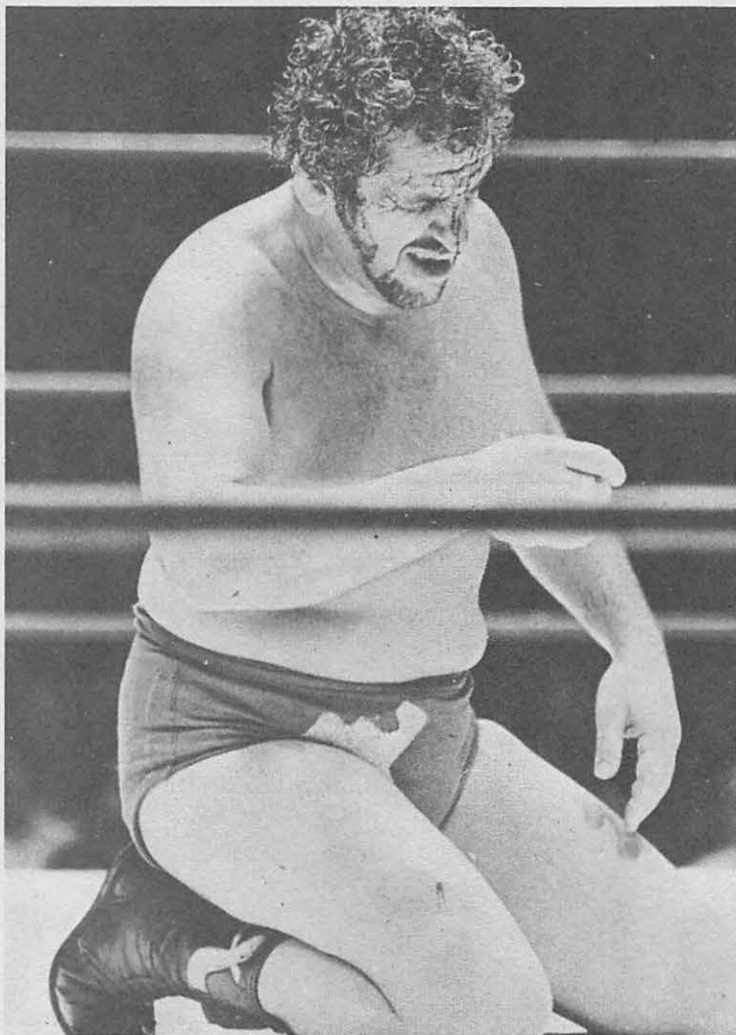
ancient battle cry of Arab warriors of long ago. You never were taught it... it just comes over you. You keep your eyes on your opponent, never taking them off. Soon the warm glow comes over you again and you will become what others call "ruthless." You will attack your opponent and use everything in your power to subdue him. When it is over you will see, written in blood, the extent of your damage. But you will not remember how you did it.

You are one of the strongest men in wrestling although you weigh only 235 pounds and stand only six feet tall. You bring a new style to the sport, a

style that never lets an opponent rest. You are called "merciless, devastating, fanatical." But you are afraid of absolutely nothing because you know Allah is protecting you. You become the most hated man in the history of the sport. And rightly so. You have used pencils and other sharp objects to rip and tear at the flesh of your opponents. You sink your razor-sharp teeth into their flesh. And although you shed your share of blood as well, you are wrestling in a trance. There is no pain. There is no blood. You know nothing. You feel nothing. You are like a mechanical

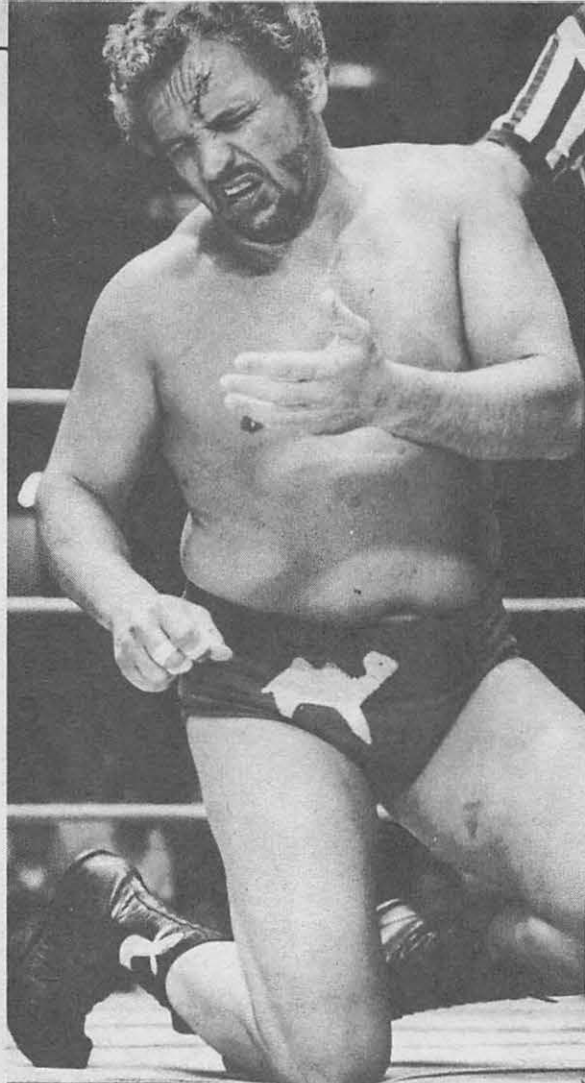
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**BLOOD...PAIN...STITCHES...
THESE ARE THE SHEIK'S
CONSTANT COMPANIONS**



Few wrestlers dish out—and receive—as much physical punishment as The Sheik. After this match against Luis Martinez (above) Sheik needed nine stitches in his head.

Night after night The Sheik's face is masked with pain. It seems incredible that he's never missed a match despite the physical pounding he takes in every match.



The Sheik grimaces as he notices the blood on his forehead after Freddie Blassie's razor-sharp teeth opened a bloody gash.

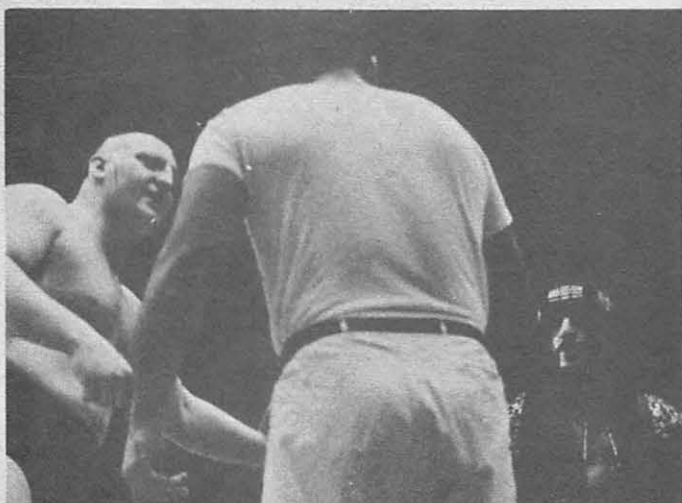


Blood streams down The Sheik's forehead in a match against Freddie Blassie. The Sheik has shed a lot of blood while grappling with the blond biter and Fred's one of the few men The Sheik honestly respects. "Biting his opponent never crossed The Sheik's mind," explained Farouk "until Blassie did it to him."

MUCH OF HIS CRUELTY HE LEARNED AS A VICTIM!



Blassie (above) sinks his fangs into The Sheik's forehead. Left: The Sheik's face was turned into a bloody mask after Fred finished. This gash cost him 38 stitches.



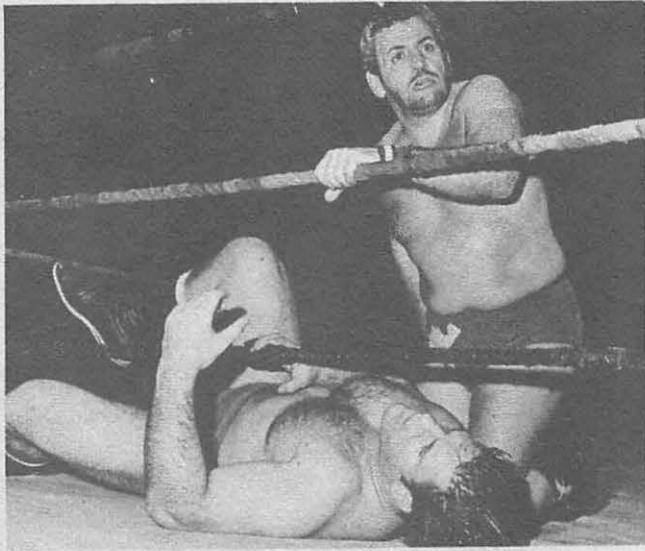
The late Skull Murphy (above) was the wrestler for whom The Sheik had the most respect as an opponent. They later joined and made a formidable tag team. Right: One of the worst beatings The Sheik ever suffered came at the hands of Mark Lewin in Detroit in 1967. Sheik was hospitalized with a concussion after this match.

(Continued from Page 41)

man whose only aim is to destroy that which stands in front of you. You begin to develop specialties. Overnight, the "Camel Clutch" comes to you and becomes one of the most devastating holds in wrestling history. Your "Camel Walk," the way you move around the ring, rolling your shoulders, drives opponents and fans into higher degrees of anger. You have terrorized every opponent they've put in your path. And now comes the toughest test.

It's a winter's night in 1959 and you are engaged in the toughest most brutal match you've encountered so far. Your opponent is a hairless strongman named Skull Murphy. And for the first time since coming to the United States you have met an opponent you can respect. This Murphy, he wrestles like they did in the desert when you were young. He is truly a great one. But as much as you respect this man... a man as vicious as you are... you cannot be beaten. So you empty the burning ashes from your ceremonial smudge pot in his face and set the ring on fire! Murphy screams in tortured pain and can't continue. You are disqualified. But more important,

Bruno sends a vicious kick to The Sheik's mid-section. The Sheik hates Sammartino because he feels Bruno gets away with violence that would get other men disqualified.



The Sheik kneels over former heavyweight king Bruno Sammartino (above) during one of their famous series of matches in 1969. The Sheik is one of the few men Bruno never pinned. One of the reasons why is because the Arab is often disqualified, like he was when he dumped a wooden press table on Bruno in Boston (right).

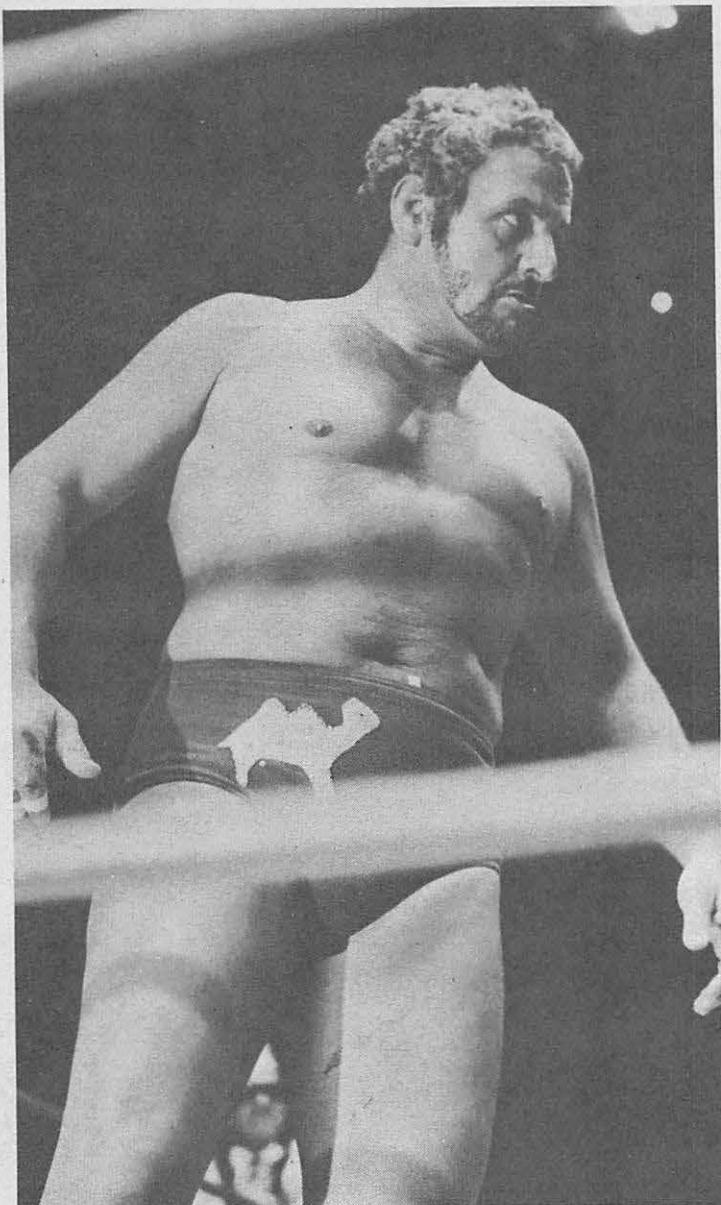


you learn that the match has been on national television. The Sheik, and his barbaric antics, are now known throughout this country. Overnight you become the single most hated villain in the history of the country.

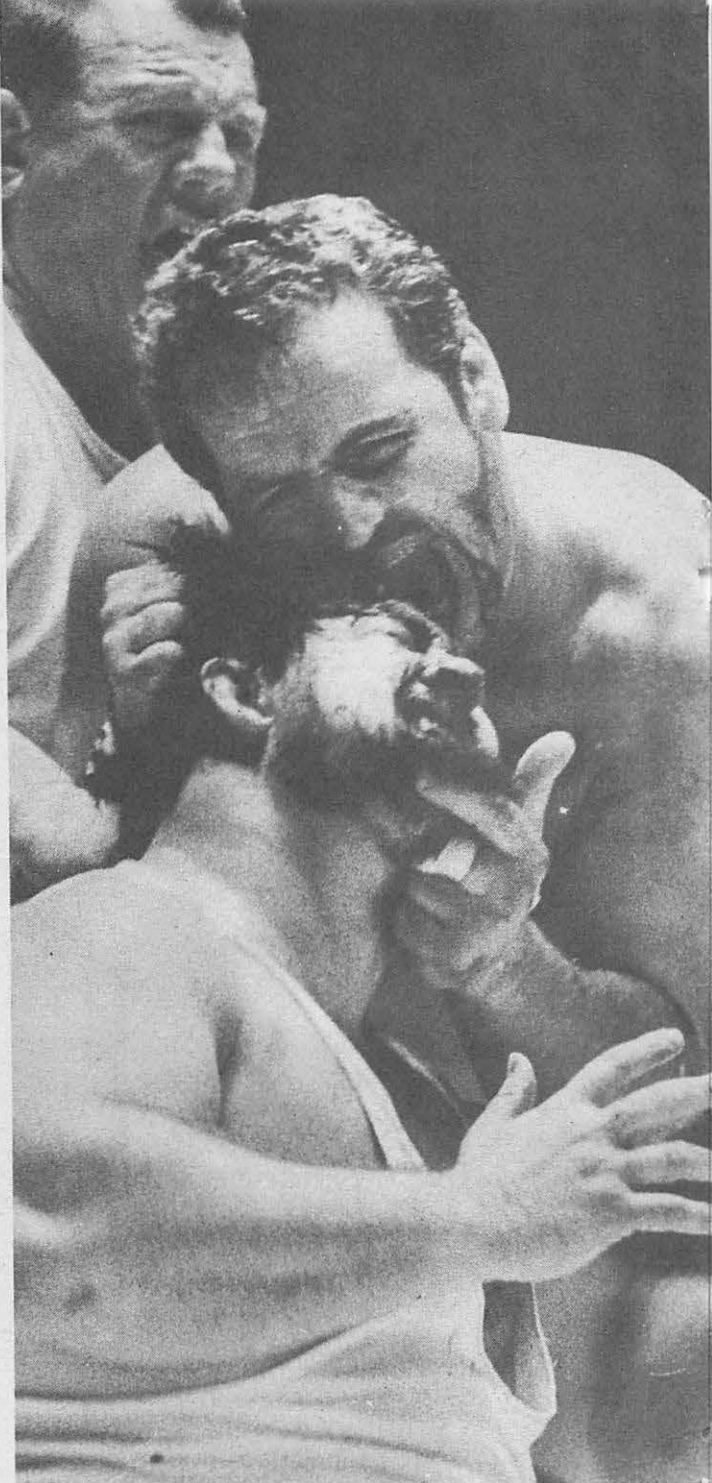
Yet you enjoy that. Suddenly, every promoter wants The Sheik. You are in demand. If you wanted to—you could wrestle as a main eventer 365 nights a year. Your reputation spreads and soon you are the most feared wrestler in the entire world!

You begin to travel around the United States setting attendance records wherever you go. San Francisco, Detroit, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Indiana-





The Sheik (above), totally entranced, stares at Mighty Igor. Sheik has hypnotized wrestlers and fans with this stare. Right: The Sheik attacks Igor, ripping open the flesh on his forehead with his teeth—a move he picked up after Freddie Blassie did the same to him.



polis... New York. Yes, New York. And in Madison Square Garden you are put in the main event with the most popular wrestler of the world—Antonino Rocca!

But to you he is just another wrestler. And in two minutes and 53 seconds, you are disqualified... for jabbing a pencil in Rocca's eyes and tearing his face open with your teeth. This man had to be protected from you. They had to stop you. But they do not give you any cheers. Again you do not understand the strange ways.

Then another aspect of your career begins to take shape. You are in New Orleans and you have just subdued your opponent. Suddenly, a man with a knife is climbing through the ring. But you know you aren't afraid. And you chase him. And although he

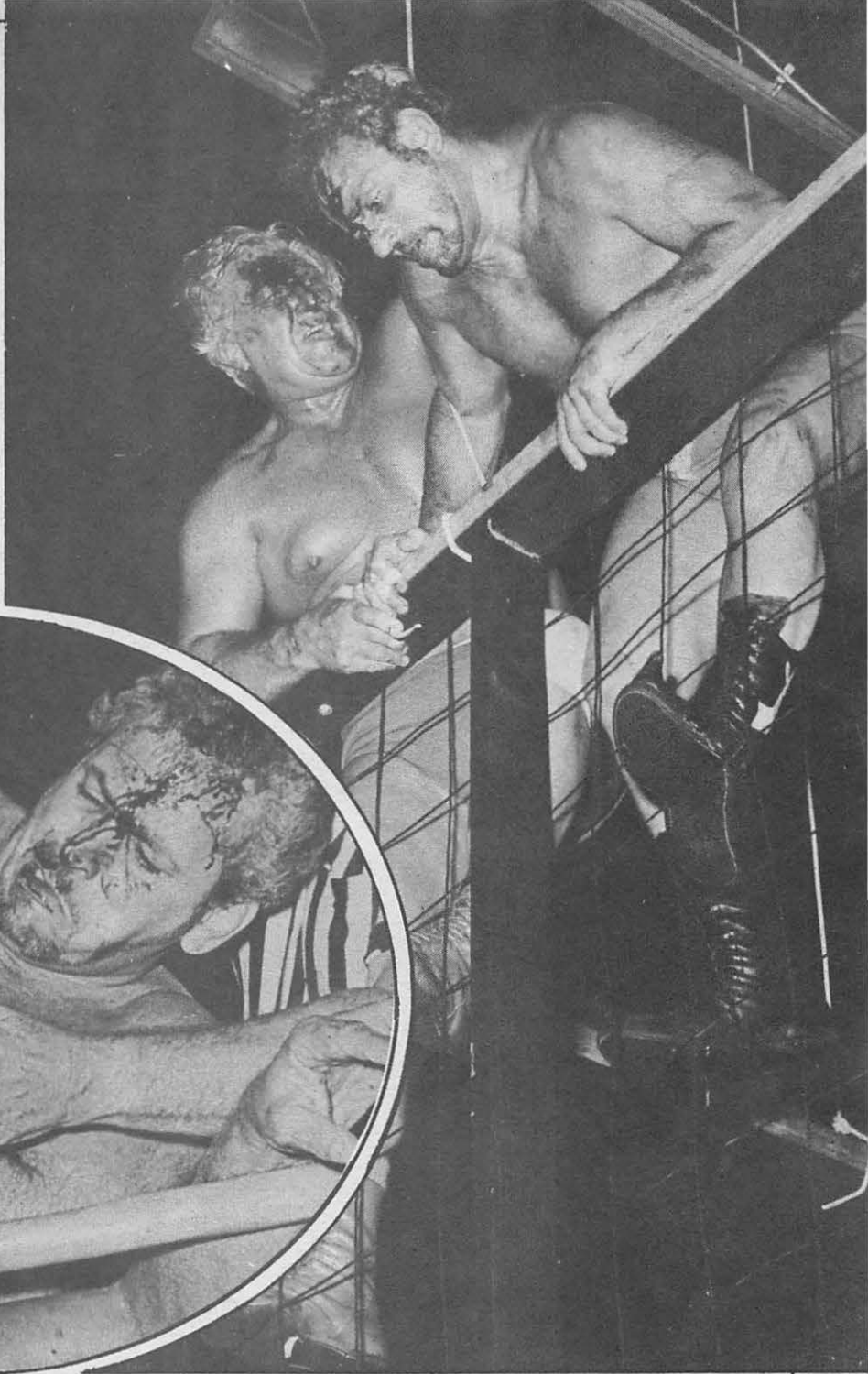
has the knife and you have only your bare hands—he runs away from you into the night.

In Indianapolis there is another man with a knife—except this man climbs into the ring. He shakes the knife at you but you calmly stand there... staring. You keep your eyes riveted on his, walk over to the man, and gently take the knife from his hands.

In Texas it was the same, except the man who jumped into the ring had no knife. He wanted to box. Again you stared at your would-be attacker. You walked over to him and brought your face within inches of his right hand. He did not attack. He was frozen. You knew then that you could control people's minds. Just by staring into their eyes... you could hypnotize them.

The stories are front page news everywhere. There

Both bloodied, Sheik and Fred Blassie scramble up the side of a cage trying to get out and claim the prize money (right). Sheik got his head split open by Blassie's teeth and he returns the favor (below) by tearing Blassie's flesh apart with one of his favorite weapons—a pencil. In Sheik's hands, the common pencil is like an H-bomb!



is no bigger story in wrestling than The Sheik. You defeat the biggest names in the sport, people like Dick the Bruiser, Rocca, Killer Kowalski, Haystack Calhoun, Bobo Brazil, Don Leo Jonathan and Nature Boy Buddy Rogers! Your matches cause riots wherever you go. You are banned from TV wrestling in 15 states. Villains who have been booed and hated by fans for years suddenly become heroes when they wrestle you. You are The Sheik—the number one man in all of wrestling.

But nobody knows the real Sheik—the Sheik outside the ring.

One night in San Francisco you are walking to the ring and you spot a woman at ringside. You stare at her continuously until she begins crying hysterically, gets up, and rushes home. Her husband is

stunned. But when they arrive home they find the baby sitter asleep and the gas jets on. The baby's life is saved. Somehow you saw the impending tragedy and willed the mother to go home!

When a wrestler you have wrestled a week earlier is tragically killed in an accident, the undertaker demands \$1,500 from his widow, money she doesn't have. The penniless widow is going to be forced to move her husband's body to a pauper's grave. But you give the undertaker the \$1,500 to bury a man you had battered mercilessly only a week before. The widow never found out where the money came from.

One night in Toronto in 1964, you are driving home from a match in a blizzard. You see a car in a ditch and a man, wife and 14-month-old infant are stand-

Bobo Brazil tries to choke the life out of his chief tormenter as a very concerned referee tries to pull him off. "The Sheik is the only man who gets me angry enough to want to try and kill him," Brazil has admitted. "When I wrestle him I just lose control of myself."



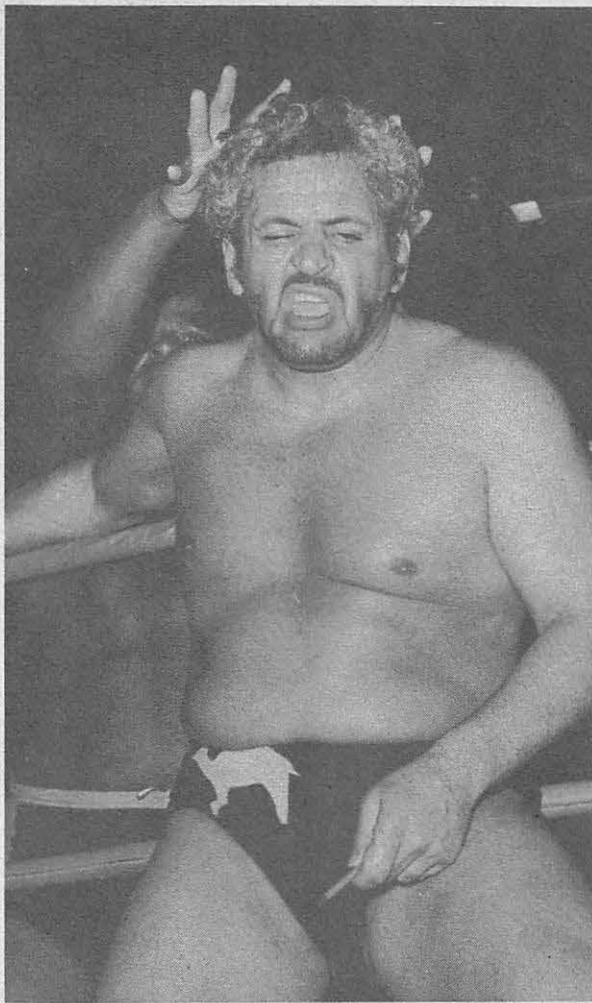
What many people think of as cruelty The Sheik considers basic self defense—like sticking a pencil in Bobo Brazil's neck. Where The Sheik was taught to wrestle, there are no rules and the style is "anything goes." There is no man in wrestling Brazil hates more than The Sheik.



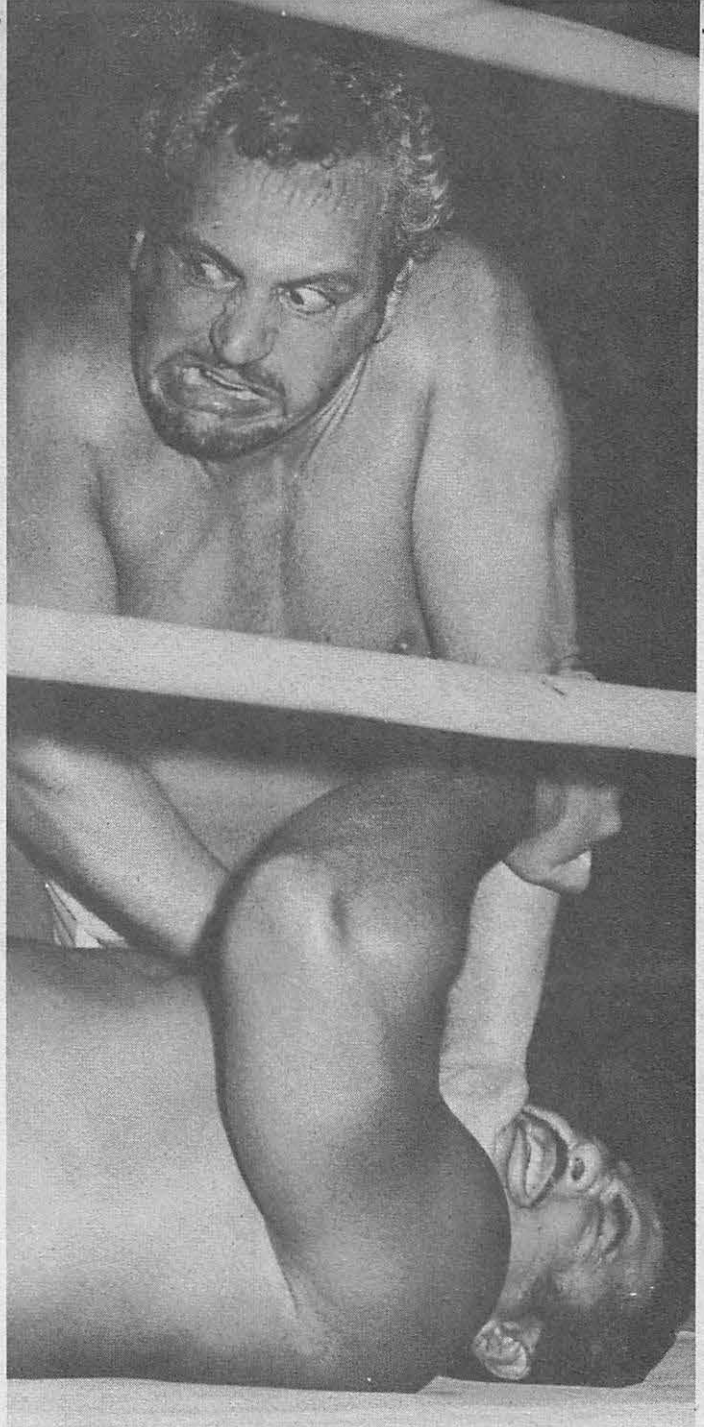
ing on a highway trying to flag down help. You stop your car and notice the baby has turned blue. You give the infant mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and revive him and you remain with the couple until their car is hauled out of the ditch. You secure gasoline for them and follow them home—a distance of 90 miles—to make sure everything is all right. They had stood there for more than an hour. You were the only one who would stop.

Nobody sees The Sheik when he's at home. In the presence of your family, whom you idolize, you seldom even raise your voice. You don't smoke or drink. But you still steadfastly refuse to speak English, except when **you** choose to.

Stories are being written about you and you don't like what's being said. Farouk explains that since you refuse to speak English to the writers they cannot quote you. You agree to allow your first interview.



Rocky Johnson's hand reaches over the ropes to grab The Sheik's hair (above), but the Arab has a surprise waiting for him in his left hand—the everpresent pencil! The Sheik can take the most innocuous object and turn it into a deadly weapon. Right: Notice the way-out expression on The Sheik's face as he chokes Pedro Morales with his left hand while digging a pencil into his windpipe with his right hand. This is the match in which Morales was paralyzed by The Sheik.



Farouk explains what you're all about. "The Sheik is a loner," he says, "who cares nothing about other wrestlers or fans. He trusts no one except me. Everything he does is done by the grace of Allah.

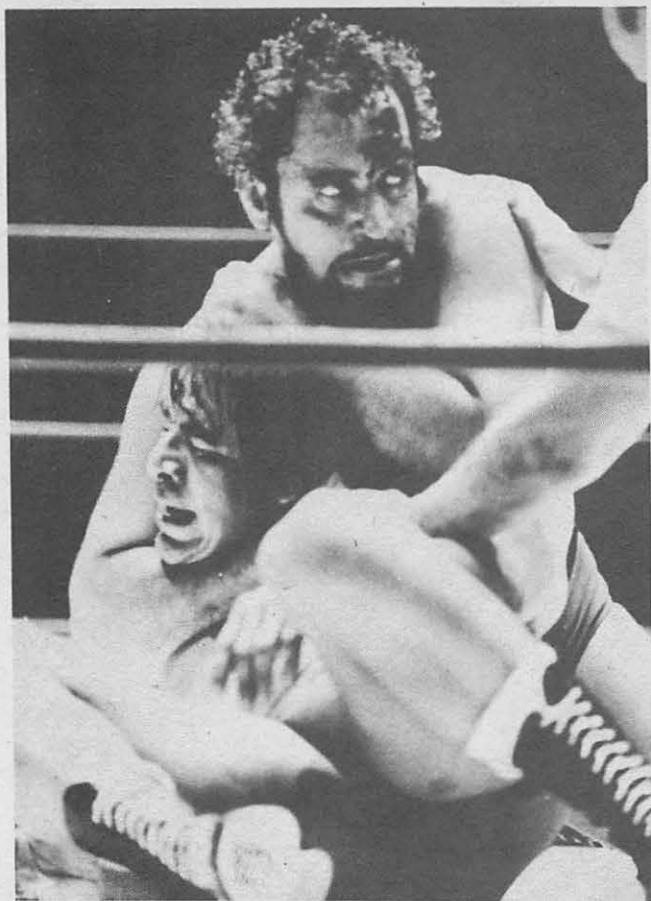
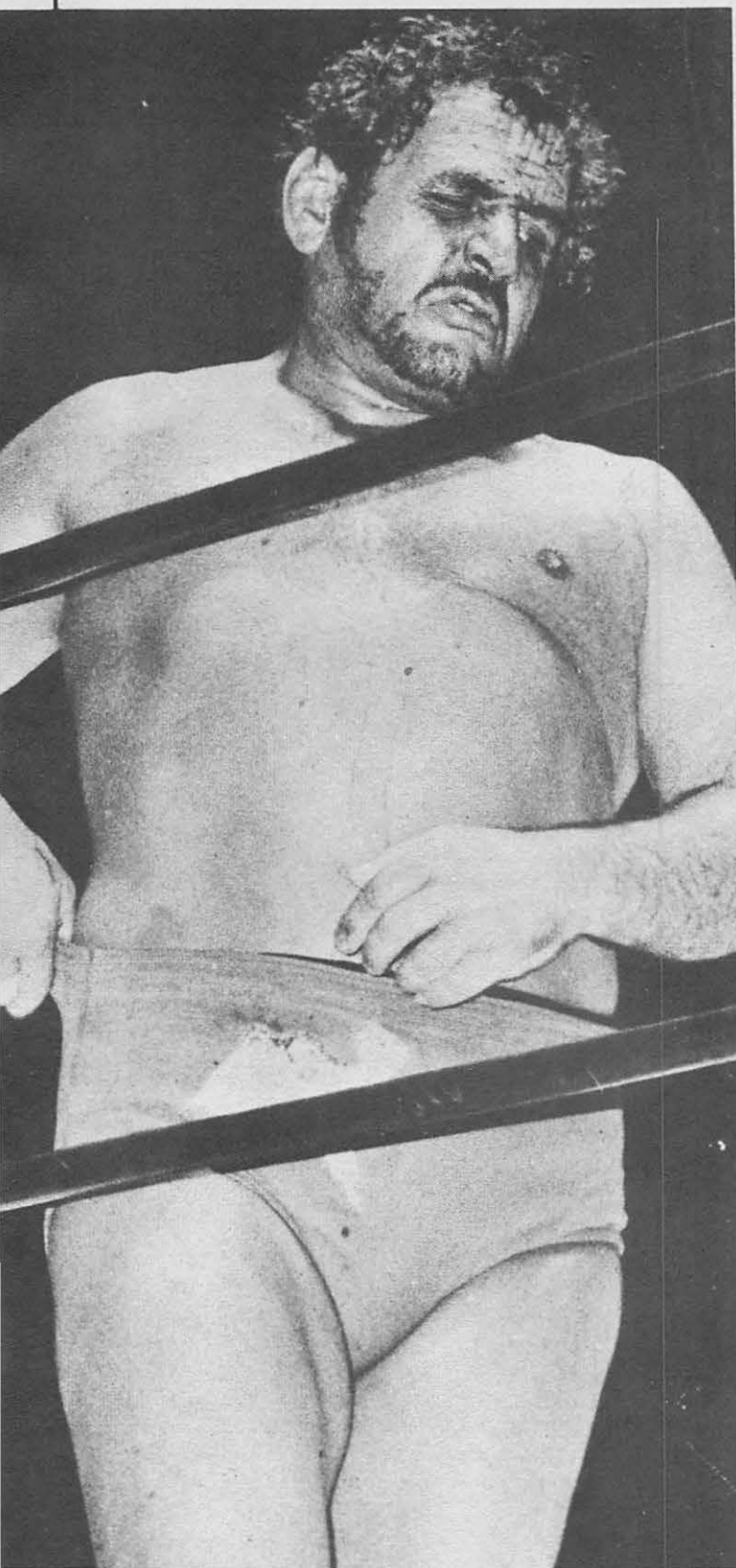
"The Sheik has occult powers, powers that can control and hypnotize. However, The Sheik also goes into trance-like states during which he has no idea of what he is doing. His only objective is to destroy his opponent. He can will things to happen. For example, one night a wrestling fan went after The Sheik with a gun. He fired three times at point-blank range as The Sheik just stared at him. Each time the gun mis-fired. When the cops took the gun away from this fellow—they found there was nothing wrong with it. They test-fired it and it worked perfectly. They refused to believe The Sheik had willed that gun to mis-fire.

"The Sheik has no friends and doesn't want any.

All that matters to him is his family. This stems from the days when he first came to this country. He hates the people for laughing at his prayer ritual. They desecrated the prayer and ancient ceremonials The Sheik observes before each match. Since The Sheik is an extremely religious man—this was the ultimate insult. Do you wonder why he's so vicious?

"Also, The Sheik is brilliant. The average man would have nothing in common with him. He has dined with kings and sultans and heads of state from all over the world. He's honored and glorified in many parts of the middle east. The people here mean nothing to The Sheik.

"The Sheik is also a phenomenal businessman. He has vast holdings on three continents. He owns oil wells, uranium and gold mines, real estate, entire brokerage houses. He's in importing and exporting and because of his business ability his people in the



Sheik is in a world of his own as the referee tries to pull him off Luis Martinez during a 1971 match in the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. The Sheik's good luck city. He's remained unbeaten there for over three years.

old country enjoy a much better standard of living. Remember, this is a man who could have been a king!

"The Sheik is also far too cultured for the people here. He possesses some of the most expensive oil paintings ever owned by a private collector and his Oriental rugs are priceless. His collection of Arabian horses is unmatched on the North American continent."

But despite the interview, the press still wrote things that Farouk called "uncomplimentary." And you continue to be the most despised man in wrestling. But it doesn't stop you. You win numerous titles including the U.S. Championship and the International Championship. You are earning as much—if not more—money as any wrestler in history and your magnetic attraction at the gate hasn't lessened one bit. If anything, your box office appeal is increasing.

They have to devise special matches to stop you. You wrestle against two wrestlers at once and beat them both. You wrestle in chain matches and death matches. In Toronto you run up an unbelievable streak of not losing a single match in three years. You defeat Edouard Carpentier in Montreal in 1968. You put arch-rival Bobo Brazil out of action for six months when you jam a pencil into his neck and

The Sheik has earned as much money as any man in the sport. But he has paid for every cent with his blood. As much as he is hated, promoters cringe every time there's a rumor that The Sheik's retiring. He's such a drawing card promoters fear his eventual retirement.



The Sheik poses with the International Wrestling Championship belt he won in 1968. Outside of the United States, Canada and Japan, The Sheik is very well respected and admired as a great athlete. In Arabia, where his style of wrestling is not unusual, he is hailed as a national hero. But from the day he first arrived in the United States—he was doomed to become the single most despised wrestler ever!

In 1970 you wrestle in a series of battles with Bruno Sammartino, the world's champion. They are bloodbaths, but your enormous strength doesn't desert you. You pick him up and toss him out of the ring. He can't get back in. You win. But again they refuse to give you the belt. Crazy rules, you say, but you don't care. Let them keep the belt. You know who won.

The same year brings more battles with Blassie. You brawl in cage matches and you finally put him out of action by throwing iodine in his eyes and blinding him. But he is almost as indestructible as The Sheik and he comes back again and again. Not since the late Skull Murphy has anyone given The Sheik as much trouble as this Blassie.

You wrestle Pedro Morales and Luis Martinez and Bobo Brazil and Tiger Jeet Singh and Mighty Igor and anybody else the promoters try to get to stop you. But none of them can. Wrestling commissions pass rulings censuring your actions but you couldn't care less. You may get disqualified—but you are never beaten!

Then, in 1972, a distinct honor comes your way. *INSIDE WRESTLING* and *THE WRESTLER'S* annual yearbook does a story on the 20 greatest wrestlers of the past 25 years. And your name is right there. The Sheik. Despite the hatred—recognition is yours.

Although you are a young man, you begin to think about retiring. You have more than enough money. Perhaps you will return to your home land—to your brother and your people. But the promoters say you can't. The Sheik means full houses. It is another thing you cannot understand. These people who curse you and spit on you and hate you are afraid you might retire. They hate you but they want you to stay—but not because of them. Allah will tell you when it's time to retire.

Until then you will continue wrestling—wrestling the only way you know how—the way you were taught in the hot sand as a small boy. You regret that the people never understood that you aren't an animal. Where you came from everybody wrestled like that. But they never understood that. However, you can never forgive them for mocking your religious ceremonies and prayer rituals.

You do what you do because you believe it is the will of Allah. And whatever He wills next is what you'll do next. You have amassed fame and fortune. But the story of The Sheik remains as mysterious today as the day you first left your desert village. Who is The Sheik? What is The Sheik? What has been the purpose of The Sheik's life? Not even you know that. Only Allah knows that.

This, then, Sheik, is your life! □

puncture his windpipe. You hospitalize Mighty Igor by burning his eyes with flame you shoot from your fingertips.

In 1969 you wrestle a man and it finally looks like you've met your match. His name is Freddie Blassie and they call him "Biting Blassie." He beats you to the punch with one of your own tricks and the next thing you know your head is a mass of blood. But you bite him back, ripping and tearing chunks of flesh from his face. A pencil passed to you by Farouk finishes the job. But you have never met any man like him.

VON RASCHKE V

WORLD WAR II ALL OVER

AGAIN!



EDOUARD CARPENTIER BELIEVES in live and let live — up to a point. But there are certain things even the easygoing Frenchman simply will not stand for. And those things are symbolized in one man. That man's name is Baron Fritz Von Raschke.

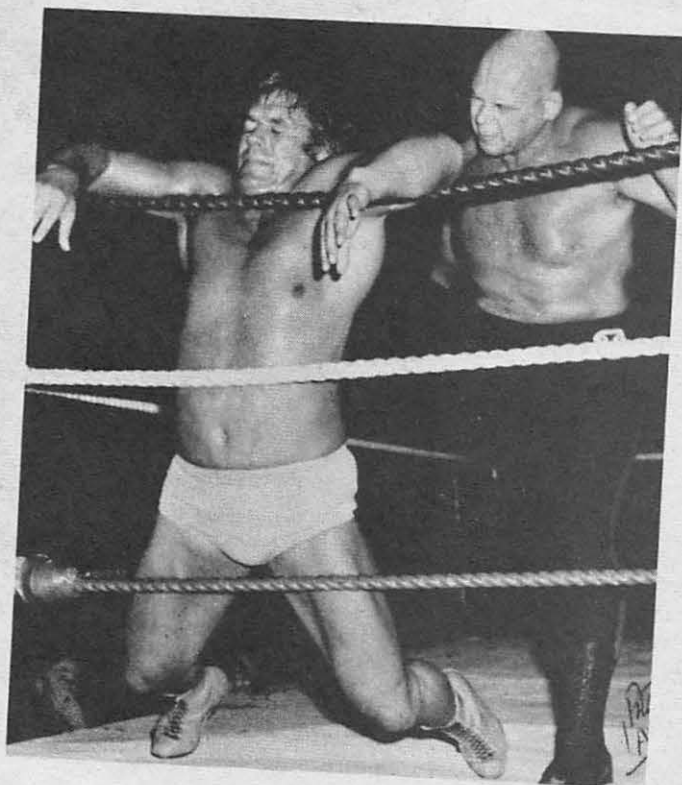
"I do not hold grudges," Carpentier declared after his recent war with Von Raschke. "I must have wrestled Killer Kowalski almost 100 times. I do not like the man. But I do not hate him. As vicious and maniacal as he is in the ring, he's still a human being and I hope he leads a long and successful life. When I wrestle him, I'll do everything in my power to defeat him. But after that match is over, he is just another person. I bear him no grudge.

"But Von Raschke is another story. He is the only man in wrestling who I can truly say I despise. But even more important, I despise what he stands for. People like him, Nazis, slaughtered thousands of my countrymen. But the war is over for a long time. I bear no German any ill will. It's a closed issue. But for Von Raschke the war continues. I see

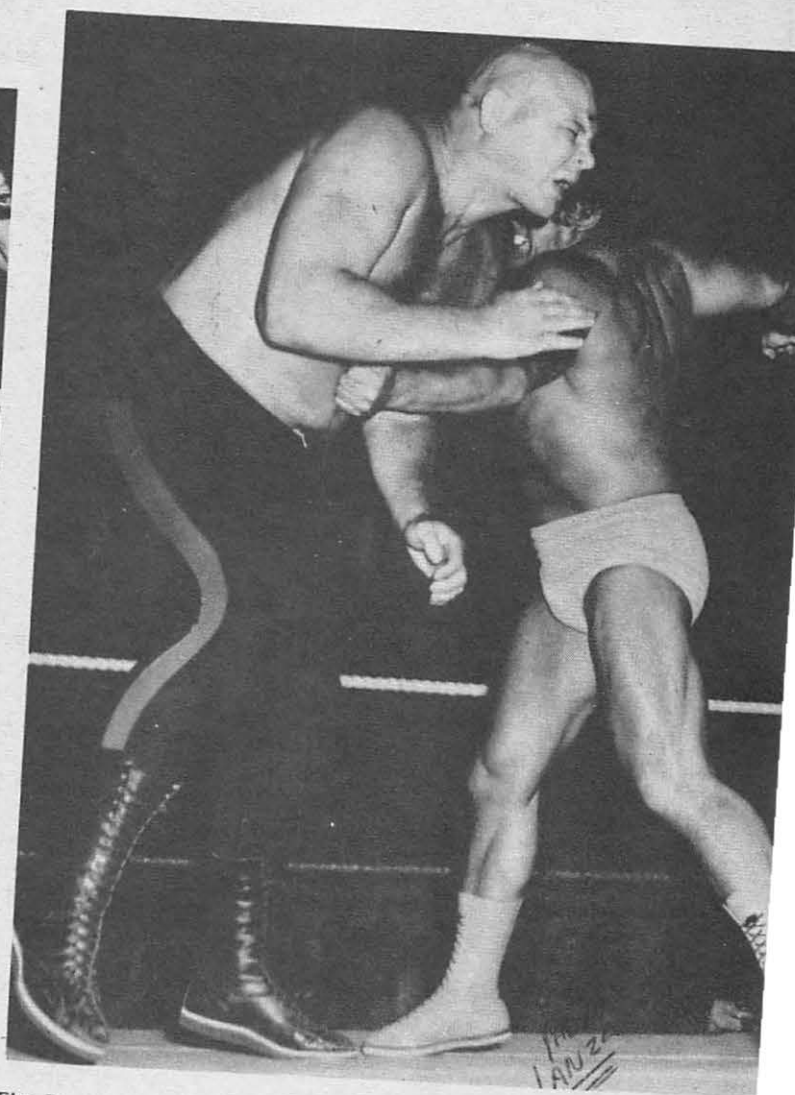
Baron Fritz Von Raschke's goose-stepping tactics bring an angry reaction from the predominantly French Montreal audience.

S. CARPENTIER —

WORLD WAR II HAS BEEN OVER FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER CENTURY. BUT NOT FOR EVERYBODY. FOR BARON FRITZ VON RASCHKE—IT'S STILL GOING ON. SO WHEN HE INVADÉD MONTREAL FOR A MATCH AGAINST HIS ARCH ENEMY—FRENCHMAN EDOUARD CARPENTIER—EVERYONE EXPECTED MORE THAN JUST A BATTLE. AND THEY WERE RIGHT!



Von Raschke drives his leg into the small of Edouard Carpentier's back (above) as the Frenchman is hung up in the ropes. Right: Edouard gets loose and replies with a left which doubles Baron Von Raschke over.



him, swaggering, giving his Nazi salute, and my mind snaps back to the early 1940's and the devastation people like him caused. He says things no reasonable man would say. When I wrestle Von Raschke, I am wrestling for the thousands of Frenchmen who remember the horror of World War II."

Edouard would rather not turn a wrestling match into a nationalistic struggle. But against Von Raschke

there is no choice. The Baron admits he still believes in *natural* superiority. And he has never made a secret of his hatred for the Allies—especially the French.

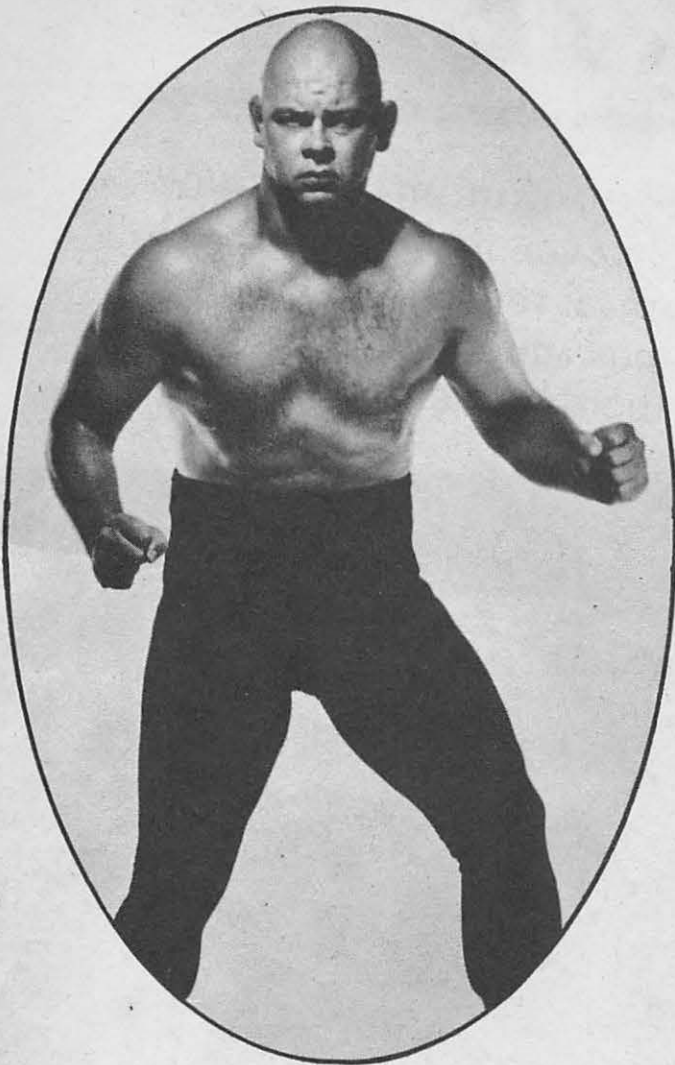
"The trouble with the German invasion of France," the Baron was once quoted as saying, "is that they failed to wipe out every Frenchman there was. The French are a blot on the human race."

Words like this do not exactly

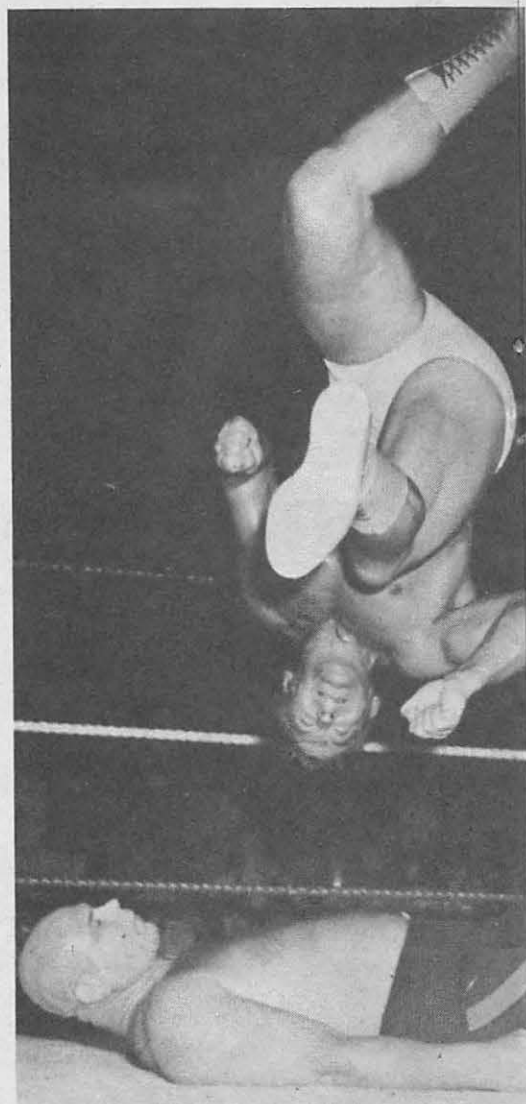
endear Von Raschke to wrestling fans, especially in the largely French city of Montreal. So when the Baron arrived, the largest delegation of police in the history of the city turned out to protect him from fans—fans who would think it their patriotic duty to destroy the German.

But the police do not have a thousand eyes. And the Baron was attacked by a fan as he entered the

Continued



**"A FEW MORE
MINUTES AND
I'D HAVE
PARALYZED
HIM FOR
LIFE!"
— VON
RASCHKE**



Carpentier's spectacular backflip is targeted for Von Raschke, but the Baron threw the Frenchman off before he could pin the German.

dressing room. Police pulled the fan away before any real damage could be done by either party. But you could tell the officers would have loved the opportunity to join the fan in an attack on the Baron.

"Nazis like him wiped out my entire family," sobbed the fan in police headquarters. He was trembling. "I saw my wife and children murdered by beasts like him. He shouldn't be allowed to walk around free. I saw him and my mind just snapped. I'm sorry the police pulled me off. I hope Carpentier kills him tonight."

That was the temper of the crowd as the Baron faced Carpentier. But the stoic German didn't seem the least bit fazed. "I am treated like that wherever I go," he explained. "The people in the United States and Canada say there is freedom for all in their countries. Yet if left alone they'd kill me. That proves their inferiority. And the French are the most inferior of all!"

The arena was jammed as Von Raschke goose-stepped down the

aisle. Police joined hands and encircled the entire ring to keep irate fans away. Hundreds of tricolor French flags were unfurled and waved at the Baron. And the sight of the flags seemed to set him off into a frenzy.

Nobody was sure about what it was... but it certainly wasn't wrestling. The hatred between these two men is so great it prevented either one from merely trying to outwrestle each other. They tried to maim each other!

Von Raschke was brutal. He stomped Carpentier, kicked him and even threw him out of the ring and bodyslammed him onto the hard cement floor. But the usually scientific Edouard was holding nothing back against this beast. Losing his temper, he traded Von Raschke kick for kick, punch for punch, stomp for stomp. The battle spilled outside the ring where the enraged fans tried to join in. But the police did an amazing job in keeping the crowd back. Finally, when it seemed the crowd could

be restrained no longer, the match was ended—declared a draw—and Von Raschke was spirited back to the safety of the dressing room.

Nobody, of course, was happy with that ending.

"They had to protect Carpentier, you know," Von Raschke declared afterwards. "He's a big hero up here. And they're lucky they stopped it when they did. A few more minutes and he'd have been paralyzed for life!"

"Of course I was not happy they stopped it," Edouard added. "I wanted to pin that slob right there in the middle of the ring to put that superiority nonsense out of his mind once and for all. But I guess they

**"THEY SHOULD PUT US ON AN ISLAND
AND SEE WHO COMES BACK!" — CARPENTIER**



The battle wages outside the ring where Von Raschke bodyslams his opponent. Note the police holding the fans back in the background. The match turned into a brawl and Von Raschke had to be escorted to the locker room for his own safety!

did the right thing. The crowd was getting too unruly. And while I never agree with fans interfering with wrestlers—in his case—I can understand why they tried to do it."

Von Raschke wants to grapple with Carpentier again. And Edouard would like nothing better himself. But the commission is thinking twice about putting that match into Montreal, where tensions and passions run so high against the Baron.

"As far as I'm concerned," Carpentier added, "they can put the two of us on an island with nobody else around and one boat. Whomever comes back alive will be the winner. I'd settle for that."

And as long as Fritz Von Raschke keeps arousing the kind of anger he does—that's exactly what he and Carpentier may have to settle for. □

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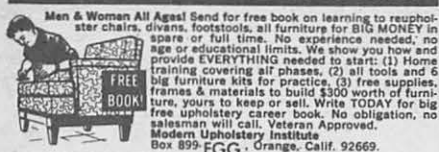
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WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 10)

the referee had warned him of a disqualification several times. So the referee had no choice. He disqualified Tex! But the big cowboy didn't count it as a loss.

"I really gave that animal one helluva beating," Tex told reporters. "It'll go down in the record book as a loss for me. But I'm not angry. As far as I'm concerned, I beat Firpo. A disqualification means your opponent just can't take any more. And that's the way I wanted Firpo to remember me—as the man who was too tough and dirty—even for him!"

The Stomper is back in action after being side-lined with a broken leg—compliments of the Kangaroos and George Cannon, their manager. In his first match since then Stomper brutally stopped Don Kent, one half of the Kangaroos.

"I'm going to finish the Kangaroos off one by one," Stomper claimed. "Costello is next and then Cannon—Crybaby Cannon. He'll cry a river before I'm through with him!"

Big Ernie "Cat" Ladd downed Bruno Sammartino's manager, Arnold Skoaland. "If this guy trains Sammartino," Ladd exclaimed, "I'd have no trouble with that Lasagna-bellied bum!" ... Jess Ortega fell to the judo chops of Shoehi Baba... Bulldog Brower couldn't take the measure of Mighty Igor... Al "Kangaroo" Costello stopped Gino Brito... Ben Justice won via disqualification from Hans Schmidt... Tony "Dino" Marino slammed Duke Keomuka... Flyin' Fred Curry outlasted Hells Angel #1... Bruno Sammartino was disqualified in his bout with The Sheik.

FLORIDA NEWS

By Lin Lorimer
and Tom Goode

At Tampa, Dory Funk Jr. once again put his World Championship on the line against Jack Brisco. This time the match was signed for a one-hour time limit with no disqualification clause. Well, Brisco and Funk split at one fall each when the time limit expired. Again Brisco had a chance at the coveted title, but for technical reasons couldn't win it. Had the match not been tagged with a one-hour time limit, most people believe Jack definitely would have won the title.

Boris Malenko upset Bobby Duncan to win the Florida Brass Knucks title but he may be forced to vacate it because he can't defend it. Boris had been sidelined with a broken knee—broken by Bobby Shane.

Johnny King, manager of the Australians, and J.C. Dykes, manager of the Infernos, are feuding. Both managers claim to be superior and each feels that only a match between the two of them can settle the question.

Getting back to Jack Brisco for a moment. When Jack wrestled one of the Masked Medics, he had little trouble with him. He finished the Medic off quickly with a backbreaker and pin. However, the match was supposed to be two out of three falls. But the Medic was in bad shape and couldn't continue. The Medics' new manager, Spida Galento, told the referee, "If Brisco has no objections, Medic #2 will take over for the injured man." It was okay with Jack. And



Don Kent, one half of the champion tag team the Fabulous Kangaroos, was just about brutalized by The Stomper in his first match since suffering a broken leg. You'll recall that it was the Kangaroos who were responsible for breaking Stomper's leg to begin with.



Both Medics weren't enough to handle Jack Brisco! After Jack put the first one out of action he allowed #2 to substitute and handily defeated him as well.

again the amazing Brisco had no trouble. He quickly slammed Medic to the mat, applied a figure-four leg-lock and forced Medic #2 to submit!

The Australians came within a hair of losing their Florida tag team title to the Alaskans. When the bout was at one fall each, George Harris, the Alaskans' manager, began distracting the referee so his men could double-team one of the Australians. Well, Harris did distract the referee—his team did double-team an Australian—and they pinned him for the decisive fall. The referee awarded the Florida belts to the Alaskans, but when ringside officials saw this, they had the referee reverse the decision. The officials were very much aware of what Harris had been doing.

The explosive Mephisto attacked Tim "Mr. Wrestling" Woods before the bell rang to begin their match in Jacksonville. But the tide turned quickly as Woods got out of Mephisto's clutches, slammed him to the mat and put him in a sleeper hold. And the bell still had not been sounded! The referee forced Tim to revive Mephisto. Once out of dreamland, Mephisto was anxious to get his hands on Tim. Anyhow, the match didn't last too long. At the four minute mark, Mephisto threw Tim over the top rope and was disqualified! In Florida, dumping an opponent over the rope means you put yourself in the dumps—you're disqualified!



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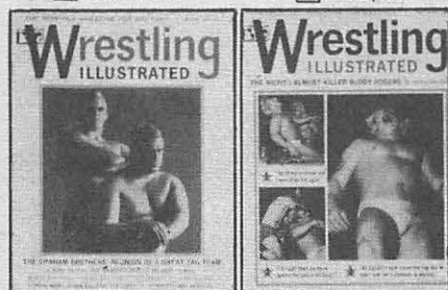


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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 8)

One of the most popular wrestlers in the world—Luther Lindsey—is dead. After pinning Bobby Paul in a match that took place in Charlotte, North Carolina, Luther collapsed and was rushed to a nearby hospital. Doctors pronounced him dead on arrival due to a heart attack.

Boris Malenko has suffered a severe knee injury at the hands of Bobby Shane. Now walking on crutches, Boris threatens "to cripple Shane for life as soon as I'm well enough to get into the ring with him." Look out Bobby. He means business!

Since joining forces, Blackjack Mulligan and Blackjack Lanza have remained undefeated. Bobby Heenan masterminds the bruising duo... The Polish Giant is stomping out all competition in the midwest... Verne Gagne is staying far away from Billy Robinson. But how much longer can he avoid a match with the popular British sensation?... Crusher and Little Bruiser are frequent mixed-match tag team partners... Paul Christy says he's anxious to end Jim Dillinger's career. Paul hates the rule-breakers and in his opinion Dillinger is at the top of the list... Beautiful Vicki Williams and tough Sandy Parker have stopped wrestling each other and have teamed up. They make a fantastic pair...

Don Muraco and the Big K are feuding... Dennis Stamp's head was almost torn off by Dusty Rhodes in a Chicago parking lot. Rhodes really hates Stamp's guts... Victor Rivera was made an honorary sheriff by the Philadelphia police department... Ernie Ladd and Sonny King can't seem to settle their differences. No one knows why they'd like to kill each other... Manny "Cylone" Soto is planning a world-wide tour and Gorilla Monsoon has returned from a successful trip to the orient.

Fans all over the United States are stunned by Cowboy Frankie Laine's sudden change of heart. He's been wrestling dirty!

"I had to change," Laine told our reporter. "I wasn't dishing out enough and I was taking too much punishment. Most of the guys I wrestle all wrestle dirty style. So I'm gonna give them back exactly

what they make me take."

But what happens if Frankie's matched against a clean wrestler?

"Look," the cowboy continued. "I'm in this business to win. I may like a wrestler personally but once he's signed a contract to meet me I consider him my arch enemy and I'll go out to defeat him any way I can!" Frankie's fans don't dig his new philosophy.

This issue's "Question Of The Month" was submitted by Paula Sabo. She wanted us to ask a group of wrestlers "What injuries have you sustained since becoming a pro wrestler?" Here are the answers we received from our world-wide network of correspondents:

KING CURTIS: "I've never received an injury. I only hand them out!"

MARK LEWIN: "The most serious injury I've ever had was when the Kangaroos threw me over the top rope and I almost busted my back when I hit the concrete floor. Luckily, I got away with a few bruised bones and a couple of cracked ribs."

BLACKJACK MULLIGAN: "I was injured by a fan not too long ago. He took a knife and sliced my thigh open with it. I needed over 100 stitches to close the wound. And man, I lost a helluva lot of blood."

COWBOY BOB ELLIS: "My leg was almost broken a few years ago when I wrestled Buddy Rogers. He'd put his figure-four leglock on me and I tried to roll over and reverse it. As soon as I rolled over I heard a crunch. I'd snapped my kneecap!"

Remember—if you have a question you'd like us to ask a group of wrestlers, jot it down on a postcard and send it off to TV Sports, Dept. HB, Box 58, Rockville Centre 11571, New York.

Alabama's Rip Tyler and Eddie Sullivan had to settle for a draw in a recent match with the California Hippies, Mike Boyette and Micky Doyle... Mike Pappas continues his sensational victory streak... Paul DeMarco is still running scared from Pepper Gomez... Jim—rather—"Handsome" Jim Valiant and the Grand Wizard have patched up their differences... Killer Brooks' favorite hold, the

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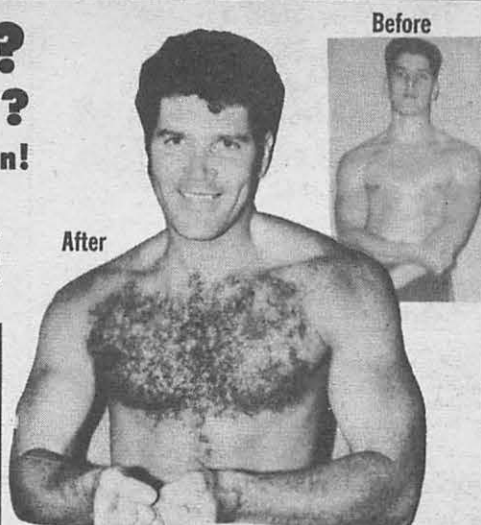
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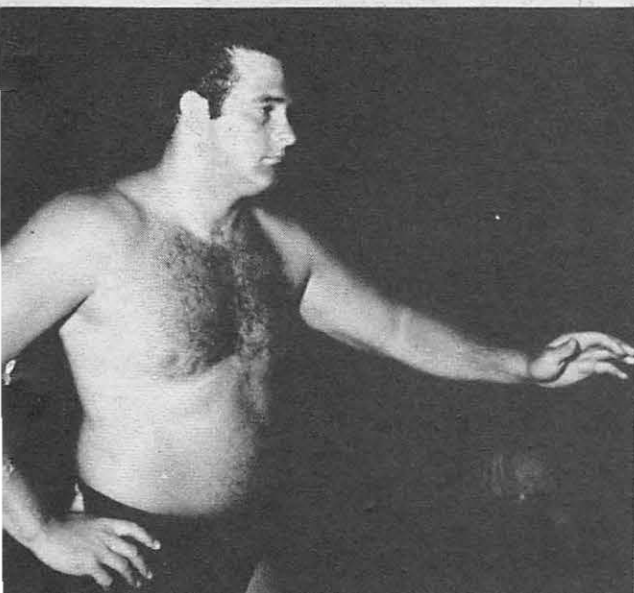
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Mark Lewin remembers the night he almost wound up with his back broken during a match against the Fabulous Kangaroos. He was thrown over the top rope and hit the concrete floor flat on his back. He wound up with cracked ribs and has always considered it lucky he didn't suffer worse injuries.

"Brooks Brainbuster," may be banned in Detroit...The New Zebra Kid almost lost his mask in a recent match. Several fans claim they know who the kid is but they're not telling anyone...Gorgeous George Jr. and the Pro would like to settle their feud once and for all...Killer Austin is stirring up trouble in the Alabama area.

Correspondent Mike Mooneyham

sends these notes from South Carolina. Buddy Colt lost his Georgia State title to El Mongol. Buddy's negotiating for a return bout...General Homer O'Dell is now managing the gruesome two-some of Brute Bernard and The Missouri Mauler...Popular Matti Suzuki surprised fans recently when he used salt in a bout with Johnny Weaver. The Japanese ace

has now taken on the disliked Rock Hunter as his tag team partner.

Assassin #1 has brought Big Bepo Mongol to Atlanta. Bepo recently captured the Georgia Brass Knuckles championship by defeating all opposition—seven men—all in separate matches and all in one night!

"Bepo is still a growing boy," Assassin bragged. "He's 330 pounds and stands almost seven feet tall. I can hardly wait 'till he grows up!"

An article in a Calgary, Alberta, Canada newspaper stated that Kurt Von Hess was fined \$100 by the Calgary Wrestling Commission for striking an opponent with a pop-sicle stick during a televised match. Rod Sykes, commission chairman and Mayor of Calgary, witnessed the bout and laid down the complaint. Later the same evening, Von Hess found a parking ticket on the windshield of his car and to top things off—his hub caps were missing! Some days everything goes wrong—eh Kurt?

And that's what's happening, baby! We'll see you next month. ☐

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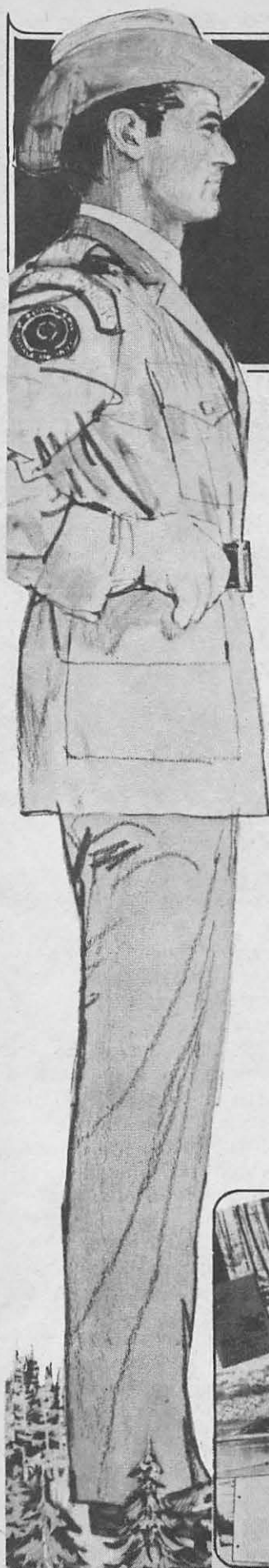
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WHEN PEDRO MORALES VOWED TO QUIT WRESTLING!

(Continued from Page 17)

A jubilant Morales stands on the ropes and revels in the plaudits of the fans after defeating Toru Tanaka. "As you can imagine," said Pedro, "I was more thrilled than usual after I won this match."

Kroll groped his way toward the side of the ring and instructed the timekeeper to ring the bell. "This match is over," Kroll told him tears coming down his eyes. "Tanaka is disqualified!"

Tanaka went wild and continued battling after the bell rang. He didn't stop until Pedro dropkicked him clear out of the ring. But he didn't run to the locker room. He ran right into McMahon's office demanding a rematch. "I want to lodge an official protest!" he roared. "The referee can't disqualify me. I didn't do anything to Morales."

McMahon, as the rules of the W.W.W.F. state, submitted the protest. But he knew that even if it were allowed—and there wasn't much chance of that—he'd write a special clause into the rematch contract stating that Tanaka could not take the title back to Japan.

But Tanaka outsmarted the wily promoter and demanded in his protest that should a rematch be granted—it be granted as if the first one had never taken place and that the contracts signed for the first match be recognized for this one. A few days later, McMahon got the following telegram:

"After reviewing the factors involved in the official protest application lodged by Mr. Toru Tanaka, the W.W.W.F. has ruled to uphold the protest since Mr. Tanaka did not physically cause any harm to his opponent that should have resulted in his disqualification. Another match shall be granted and the contractual agreements from the first match shall prevail."

So McMahon was right back where he started from. Again Morales would have to defeat Tanaka to prevent the belt from being taken back



to Japan.

In the second match, Morales was prepared for Tanaka's salty tricks. As the professor was throwing salt to the four corners of the ring, Morales rushed him and knocked the salt out of his hands. The champion dazzled the challenger with a series of flying dropkicks and whips into the ropes. After about five minutes, during which the champ never looked better, Pedro dropkicked Tanaka to the mat, climbed up on the top rope and flattened him with a Mil Mascaras-type flying body press. This time there was nothing Tanaka could protest about.

Pedro stood in the ring, after the match ended, holding, as he usually does, the Puerto Rican and American flags. But as the more than 20,000 fans cheered wildly, only a handful of people knew how close they came to seeing Pedro holding those flags for the last time.

And downstairs in his office, promoter Vince McMahon breathed a big sigh of relief!

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THE PILEDRIVER

(Continued from Page 27)

head between his thighs, Nick jerks his own feet forward so that his rear plummets to the canvas. But before that ever hits, Red Cloud's head, trapped between Nick's legs, will hit first. And Billy Red Cloud will be unconscious. Nick has just applied the piledriver—the most controversial and most dangerous hold in wrestling!

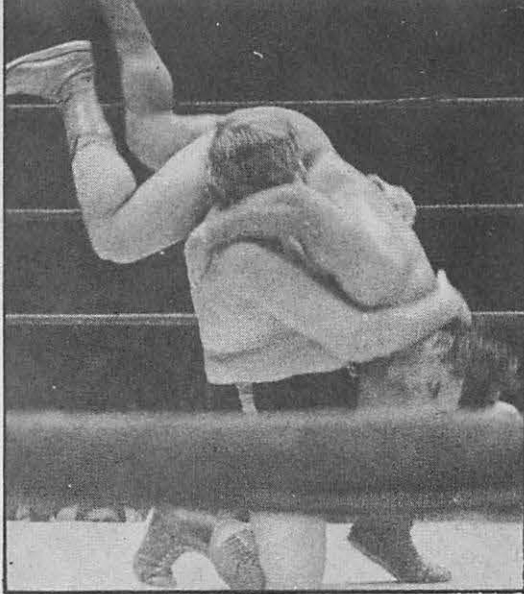
It would be later revealed that Billy Red Cloud suffered a mild concussion. He'd be out of action for a short while. He's one of the lucky ones. Some victims of the piledriver never return to the ring.

"Of course it's a dangerous hold," explained Nick Bockwinkle, one of the few wrestlers who has been able to perfect the piledriver. "But it's legal. And as long as it's legal there's no reason why I shouldn't use it. I'm not the first one who has, you know. Buddy Rogers used it for years, Johnny Valentine uses it quite a bit and even Lou Thesz has been known to use it on occasion. I'd say that puts me in pretty good company.

"I know there are a lot of wrestlers who want to have the piledriver banned. They'll cite statistics about injuries and things like that. But there's another side to the story... a side they don't tell you.

"Did you know that the piledriver is the most difficult hold to learn of any hold in wrestling? That's true. It takes years and years of practice to perfect it. Some wrestlers are too damn lazy to practice a new hold day in and day out. They're not willing to put in the time. So they want to steal my bread and butter. I worked on this thing for years, time that could have been spent having fun or learning other holds. Now these guys want to penalize me. What happens to all those years of hard work?

"The second thing they don't tell you is that the piledriver is as dangerous for the man applying it as for the victim. Only someone who has used it knows that. The slightest slip, the smallest mistake, and you land flat on the back of your head with 300 pounds of opponent falling right on top of you. Sure there have been a lot of guys put out of commission because of the piledriver. But many of those guys weren't the intended victims. They made a slip and the slip cost them. If I'm willing to take that kind of risk I don't



Bob Roop slams Manny Soto to the canvas with his "neckbreaker"—a punishing hold based on the piledriver. Roop has put many men in the hospital with this hold and he, too, was the focus of a large movement to get the hold banned. A study revealed that a piledriver victim has a 75 percent chance of getting a concussion!

see why I should be stopped."

One reason many wrestlers feel he should be stopped was summed up in a study commissioned by the National Wrestling Alliance. The study revealed that the victim of a piledriver has a 30 percent chance of a skull fracture and a 75 percent chance of receiving a concussion! Some 15 percent of piledriver victims suffer permanent neck damage. And if the victim does not land squarely on the top of his head—if his head is slanted to one side or another—the chances of his sustaining a broken neck are seven out of 10!

"The concussion factor of the piledriver," the study further stated, "is roughly the equivalent of being struck on the head by a five-pound slab of concrete which has fallen off a four-story building. A fairer and easier to understand comparison is that whereas a piledriver victim has a 75 percent chance of receiving a concussion, a professional boxer who gets knocked out with a single blow to the head has only a 28 percent chance of suffering a concussion."

Ricardo Montanez was a sensational young South American wrestler who had a bright future. Handsome, well-built and possessor of a wealth of wrestling talent, Montanez might have achieved the fame and popularity of a Pedro Morales or Tony Rocca. But few wrestling fans ever heard of Ricardo Montanez. He spends his time in a wheelchair now, totally paralyzed. He has to be fed, bathed and taken care of like an infant. Ricardo was the victim of a piledriver... a serious victim. His neck was broken and he suffered permanent brain damage.

"I've never heard of that case,"

Bockwinkle noted, "but it doesn't surprise me. Guys have been paralyzed from backbreakers, getting thrown out of the ring and landing on the edge of a chair, and from elbow smashes. There was one guy over in Japan who had a sleeper hold put on him. He never got up. Are you going to outlaw all of those holds as well? There isn't a hold in wrestling that's not dangerous. But that's one of the facts of life a wrestler accepts each time he steps into a ring. One bad break and you might never wrestle again. If we outlaw one hold, then it'll be another and another. Where do you stop?"

"Take Verne Gagne, for example. You know he's not a guy I'm particularly fond of. One of his best holds is the sleeper. Should we outlaw the sleeper because somebody once died from it over in Japan? Do you simply outlaw something a man has worked his whole life to develop. Now I don't like Gagne one bit. But I'd fight like hell for his right to use the sleeper hold if anybody tried to ban it."

Bockwinkle's point is well taken. Who's to say that once the piledriver is banned another hold won't follow? Where do you draw the line? Do you ban The Sheik's "Camel Clutch"? Do you ban Bruno Sammartino's bone-crushing bearhug? Do you ban Baron Von Raschke's paralyzing face claw? Do you ban Cowboy Frankie Laine's bulldogger? Each and every one of those holds can lead to permanent physical damage. And if you ban those, what happens to The Sheik and Bruno Sammartino and Baron Von Raschke and Cowboy Frankie Laine when the submission hold they've spent a lifetime developing is suddenly illegal?

Yet, on the other hand, you look at the injury rate for the piledriver and its related holds like Bob Roop's collarbone crusher and Cyclone Negro's neckbreaker. The injury rate for those holds is more than three times that of any other hold!

"There's a fine line between defeating a man in man-to-man ring combat and outright brutality," noted Al Coco, a man who spent six months in a neck brace as a result of a neckbreaker. "If a man defeats me by out-wrestling me—I have no complaints. But there are enough ways to defeat a man without maiming him. Anyone who'd use a hold like that has to be a sadist. What happens to a family man when he's laid up in the hospital? Who feeds his kids? If you're an accountant you can still be an accountant if you have a broken collarbone. If you're a wrestler with a broken collarbone all you can be is a spectator."

Bockwinkle brought up another interesting point. So what if the piledriver is declared illegal? Some villains, people like Von Raschke, The Sheik, Mad Dog Vachon and others resort to illegal tactics in every match. Is The Sheik slicing up his opponent's face with a pencil legal? Of course not. But he does it. If he gets caught he may be disqualified. Otherwise...? So just because a hold is ruled illegal—it doesn't necessarily mean all wrestlers will stop using it.

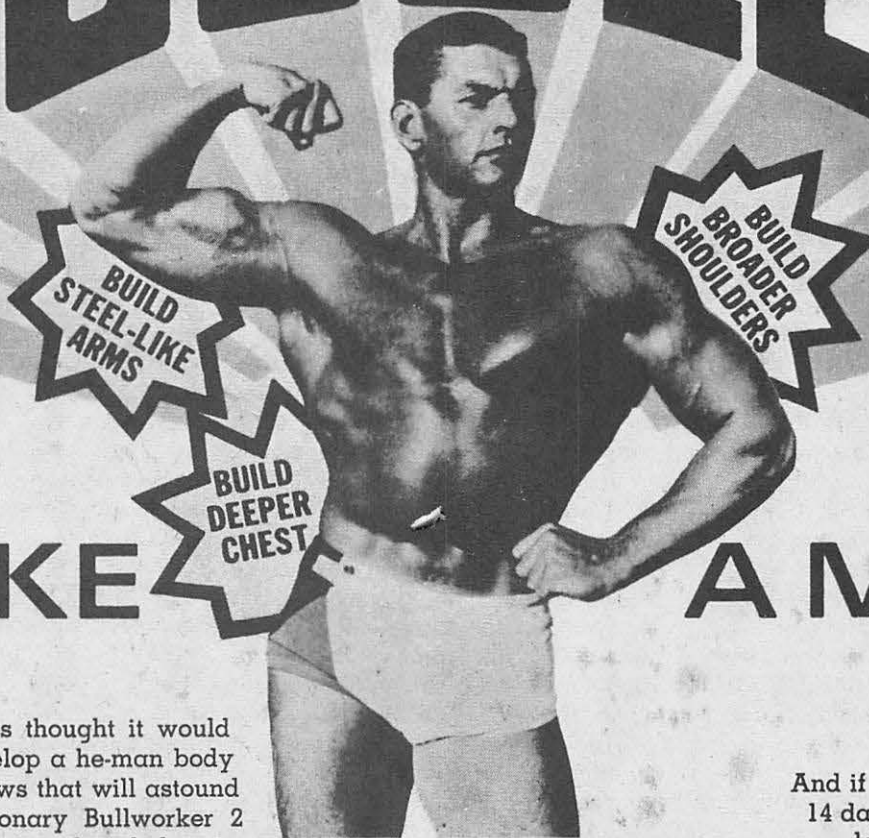
"Of course I'm more concerned about the piledriver than any other hold because it affects me directly. It's a hold I've mastered. But I'd be equally upset if they tried to ban the backbreaker or the grapevine or the airplane spin or a hold I might not use once in a thousand matches. Wrestling ain't dancing, you know. And anybody not willing to take the risks should go do something else!"

And so the controversy surrounding the piledriver rages on. On one side there are those who would like to see it outlawed—banned as too dangerous. On the other side there are those who see the banning of the piledriver opening a door which might result in the outlawing of dozens of other holds and quite possibly of the entire sport itself!

We take no sides. And we'll offer equal space to any wrestler who feels strongly about the subject one way or another. There seems to be no simple solution. Perhaps there's no solution at all.

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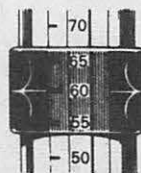
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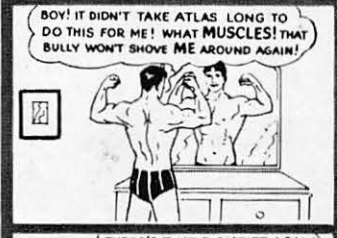
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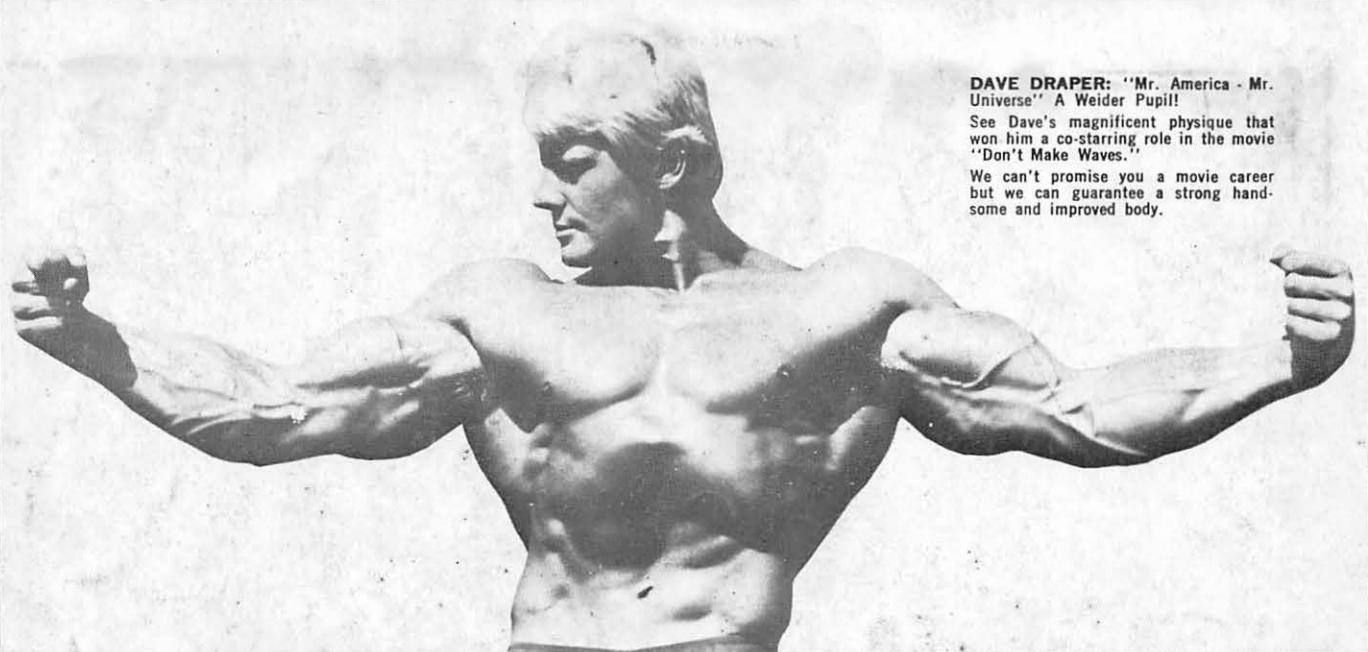
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